

# WE LAUGHED AT BONEY

(or, We've Been Through It All Before)

*How Our Forefathers Laughed Defiance at the  
Last Serious Threat of Invasion—by Napoleon :  
A Striking Parallel With Our Present Position*

JACK WERNER

*With an Introduction by*  
VERA BRITTAIN

*Illustrated by Contemporary Caricatures, Songs, et.*



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JACK WERNER.

*Oxford, February, 1943.*

# INTRODUCTION

*By* VERA BRITAIN

**N**O subject to-day is more topical than invasion in its many forms. If the threat to Britain which came so close in 1940 is now being fulfilled not here, but in Pacific territories thousands of miles away, this does not mean that the danger has vanished from our shores. For the inhabitants of these Atlantic islands it is, perhaps, temporarily transferred and postponed, but so long as war lasts we know that its possibility remains. The twenty-one miles of sea water which have thus far enabled us miraculously to remain an island still, may not permanently withstand the devices of modern war.

For this reason alone the threat of invasion by Napoleon a century and a half ago possesses enough topical interest to spread over a number of books. Not only in his study of national and local psychology, but even in some of the details which he has collected of the precautions taken, Mr. Jack Werner is fully justified in his sub-title: "We Have Been Through It All Before."

This lively volume represents serious, though not pretentious, history. Without pretending to be an exhaustive study of its large subject, it provides a series of fascinating footnotes to the situation which confronted our ancestors. The author's material, all most carefully verified, is designed especially to illustrate human reactions to Napoleon's historic threat. Since Mr. Werner is a composer as well as an author, it is natural that the more artistic side of these reactions should have claimed his special attention.

Following shortly after a map which confirms the surprising fact that no fewer than sixty hostile landings have been successfully though briefly attempted all round these coasts since the permanent landing of 1066, we are

presented with a "playbill" of 1803 which originally appeared as one of the many patriotic broadsheets circulated in that year. Mr. Werner compares this with an American bogus police notice offering a reward for Hitler under the heading "Wanted For Murder."

In addition to dialogues, stories, and poems, the author has managed to collect a number of contemporary songs, complete with music reset by himself, with such rousing titles as "Invasion!", "A Hundred To One," and "A Welcome To The French." Not the least attractive feature is the fine collection of derisive contemporary prints. Though these early nineteenth century products bear little resemblance to the work of our one and only David Low, they contain some figures which possess at least a common ancestry with that superb invention, "Hit's Intuition." I would specially commend to Home Guards the picture entitled "Puzzles for Volunteers," and to readers in general the print which shows a section of the French Army descending on Britain in a strange phenomenon of aerial transport which appears to be a gigantic combination of balloon and parachute.

If Mr. Werner and I were to discuss the more philosophical aspects of peace and war, we might discover, I feel, some basic differences of opinion at a fairly early stage. But as a student of history, committed as such to a respect for facts and to all discoveries which illuminate them, I commend this graphic visuette of the Napoleonic era as a real contribution to our knowledge of the past.



## PART I

### THEN AS NOW

WHILE at this precise moment—early 1943—the fear of invasion has receded from these islands, the “invasion potential” still exists and must remain one of our defensive preoccupations until the war is brought to a successful conclusion by the United Nations.

Ever since the year 1066, however, there have been other, equally real threats to our safety and existence, all of which failed dismally, thanks to the inherent courage, tenacity—and above all, the irrepressible sense of humour—of our forefathers.

And so to-day Hitler’s bombastic threats, and all his “fool-proof” plans, shall—like the best-laid schemes of other mice and men—surely go the way of their predecessors.

In the words of Shakespeare’s *King John* :

“ . . . This England never did, nor never shall,  
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror . . .  
Come the three corners of the World in arms,  
And we shall shock them ; naught shall make us rue,  
If England to itself do rest but true.”

Without blinding ourselves to the realities of the dangers that have so often threatened us, we British always have been blessed with a super-abundance of that rare gift—a sense of humour : the source of that courage which refuses to take the bludgeonings of fate lying down ; the mechanism which prevents disaster when disaster seems most imminent : that something which, when misfortunes come, has always given us what Burns called “ a heart abune them a’.”

Doubtless it is this precious quality—the ability to laugh when circumstances would seem to demand tears—which has made us such an enigma to other nations and earned for us the highly useful reputation of “those mad English.”

That our forefathers could laugh heartily in their darkest hour, and live to enjoy the last laugh as well, is amply proved by the wit and humour of the past.

Let us take a trip down the long, winding, trouble-laden road of Time, to the days of the last would-be invader—Napoleon—and take heart from the sentiments with which our forefathers regaled themselves, a recreation which undoubtedly contributed in no small measure to their inflexible resolve to “conquer or die.”

The majority of the extracts quoted in this short book are taken from newspapers and other publications of the fateful period 1803–5, when the Invasion scare was at its height, war-weary Britain having been compelled to declare war once again on France after the 12-months’ peace of the Treaty of Amiens (27th March, 1802) had proved but a convenient truce for Napoleon, a golden opportunity to annex one state after another in Europe while Britain merely looked on. Needless to say, this was by no means our interpretation of the Treaty.

A brief survey of the general situation will give us our bearings.

Since 1793, we had been engaged in a disappointing struggle with France, and four years later found ourselves in a desperate position—isolated. France held the whole of the Netherlands and controlled the Dutch fleet; by an alliance with Spain she practically controlled the Spanish fleet as well. Great Britain herself had no ally on the Continent. To add to her troubles, Scotland was dissatisfied and Ireland on the verge of rebellion. Worst of all, the seamen mutinied—incredible as it may now

sound. A pretty kettle of fish, indeed, and no mistake ! Nevertheless, it was our Navy which, as in other critical years, was to save our country.

Napoleon's elaborate plans for invasion were foiled by the vigilance and energy of Nelson and his "band of brothers." Our ships hunted the enemy across the Atlantic and back. The pursued ran breathless to earth in the ports of France and Spain, and no more was heard of the invasion of England—until, when the threat seemed at an end, Napoleon's anger against his unfortunate Admiral, Villeneuve, induced the main French and Spanish fleets to venture out of harbour for the last time to their doom off Cape Trafalgar on 21st October, 1805. That once and for all shattered Napoleon's roseate dream of invasion, and stamped on the mind of Europe an indelible impression that England's naval power was invincible. This belief helped to make the nineteenth century a time of peace and security for the British people, and stood them in good stead when that long period of prosperity and high civilization was ultimately broken by another great war on land and sea—that of 1914-18—and now again the present conflict.

For the first two years of the resumed war, after the collapse in 1803 of the farcical Treaty of Amiens, Napoleon had no enemy but Britain. His Grand Army was for the time "the Army of England," camped on the cliffs of Boulogne, ready to be shipped at a moment's notice across the Channel. There had been no such fear in our island since the Armada some '220 years before. . . .

It is interesting—and highly instructive—to recall that, on Lord Mayor's Day a fortnight after Trafalgar, Pitt the Prime Minister was received in the Guildhall with the gratitude due to the man who had furnished Nelson with the means to save the country and the Empire.

In the best and shortest speech ever made on an official occasion, Pitt said :

" England has saved herself by her exertions, and will, I trust, save Europe by her example."

In a few weeks this significant utterance acquired a deeper meaning. At the battle of Austerlitz, Napoleon crushed the combined armies of Russia and Austria which had arisen against him shortly before. By Christmas the continent of Europe lay at the feet of the conqueror. . . .

When the news of the battle and of the subsequent armistice reached Pitt, his face, we are told, took on "the Austerlitz look." He knew that, at the best, England was doomed to ten years' war against the whole continent.

Already a dying man, he expired a few weeks later, on 23rd January, 1806, with the words :

" My country ! How I leave my country ! "

In Professor Trevelyan's eloquent words :<sup>1</sup>

" He left her in desperate straits, amid the ruins of those dynastic alliances by which he had three times striven in vain to make head against the French nation. . . . He left her with her foot on Ireland prostrate and chained. . . . But he left her recovered from the dishonour and weakness of the state in which he had found her a quarter of a century before. He left her with Canada and India so established that they would not go the way of the lost Colonies. He left her able and willing to defy the conqueror of Europe when all the others bowed beneath his yoke. He left her victor at sea, freshly crowned with laurels that have proved immortal. . . . In the coming era, Englishmen . . . had . . . a new bond of fraternity in the sound of Nelson's name."

<sup>1</sup> " British History in the Nineteenth Century," by Professor G. M. Trevelyan. Longmans, Green & Co., London, 1928.



We were left to face Napoleon alone. But we realized only too well the utter futility of any negotiated peace with the insatiable Tyrant : just as we recognize to-day the utter futility of any pact with Hitler—or lunacy. We therefore resolved to carry on to the bitter end—in the words of one of the stirring topical songs of the time, to “die—or else,” to “beat ’em !”<sup>1</sup>

Let us, therefore, we of the 1943’s, take heart and be of good cheer, for we shall as surely carry on, smilingly, to victory again !

The parallel with our present position, as provided by the sentiments expressed in these extracts, is striking indeed.

The parallel, however, is not confined to events or to the written word alone, but extends also to the psychology of the two periods. Both men, Napoleon and his present pigmy-imitator Hitler, show the same megalomania, the same insatiable ambition, the same over-riding ultimate object—to bring to an end, once and for all, Great Britain and her Empire, the one obstacle in the Grand Dream of world domination. Both men exhibit the same blind confidence in their power to achieve this object ; neither hesitates to go so far as to indulge in the dangerous practice of prophecy in military matters. In a broadsheet or poster (a *facsimile* of which is given on the back end-paper), published in London in 1805, Napoleon is quoted as giving “about the end of September ; or October at latest” as the date when he would establish his “New Order” in London. Hitler has not shrunk from the same stupid boast. And we all know the result.

The popular reaction to this swagger is precisely the same to-day as it was then.

As Lord Londonderry, in a broadcast (12th July, 1941), so ably summed up the astonishing parallel between the two struggles :

<sup>1</sup> The song will be found on page 47.

"There is a remarkable similarity between Napoleon and Hitler, and the wars of a hundred years ago and to-day. As Napoleon was defeated and destroyed by Great Britain in 1815, so can we defeat and destroy Hitler and all that he stands for.

"The man who played a larger part than anyone else in destroying Napoleon was Castlereagh, who was . . . the great-great-uncle of Mr. Winston Churchill, and that is where the similarity begins: with the great-great-uncle beating Napoleon and the nephew, Mr. Winston Churchill, who will beat Hitler.

"The present struggle bears a close resemblance to the fight with Napoleon a century ago. Napoleon Bonaparte, a Corsican, a junior officer in the French Revolutionary Army . . . imbued with all the ideas of Revolutionary France, is the prototype of Hitler, an Austrian who fought in the last war, and proposes to establish a new order throughout the world. Hitler and Napoleon certainly have one trait in common—a complete disregard for truth and consistency. To both these Dictators the end justifies the means. . . . Self-interest and self-aggrandisement came into Napoleon's world plan for French domination as they obviously do into Hitler's plan for world hegemony. There are, therefore, many lessons to be learned and encouragement to be derived from these lessons, because although Napoleon waxed with the strength and brilliancy of the rising sun at the outset of his meteoric career, he waned and eventually vanished. . . .

"Napoleon, like Hitler, was fully aware of the superiority of the British Navy, but he underrated, as Hitler seems to have done, the determination and potential strength of our people.

"We came through then, and we shall come through again. . . . The time will assuredly come, perhaps

sooner than we think, when as Great Britain wore down the mighty strength of Napoleon by her own courage and endurance on the sea and on the battlefield, so in these modern days we shall once and for all destroy Hitler and the Nazi theory of world domination by the same courage and the same endurance expressed to-day, certainly on the sea and on the battlefield but also in the air. . . .”

To which I would add—and also by the same irresistible sense of humour.

An eloquent tribute to the British character, courage and endurance in dark days, paid by the great American essayist and philosopher Emerson (who was born, incidentally, in 1803—the year with which this short book mainly deals—and died in 1882) may be aptly quoted here :

“ . . . I see her [Britain] not dispirited, not weak, but well remembering that she has seen dark days before : indeed, with a kind of instinct that she sees a little better in a cloudy day and that she has a secret vigour and a pulse like a cannon. I see her in her old age, not decrepit, but young, and still daring to believe in her power of endurance. Seeing this, I say—

All Hail !  
Mother of Nations,  
Mother of Heroes,

with strength still equal to the time.”

Eloquent indeed—and how true. And how well justified by the spirit we are showing to-day, the “ strength still equal to the time,” expressed, with equal eloquence, in one of the inspiring utterances of Prime Minister Churchill—the right man in the right place at the right time, if ever there was one :

“ We will finish the job. We shall not fail or falter ;

we shall not weaken or tire. Neither the sudden shock of battle, nor the long-drawn trials of vigilance and exertion will wear us down. . . . Lift up your hearts. All will come right. Out of the depths of sorrow and sacrifice will be born again the glory of mankind. . . .”

One last present-day quotation—from the *Daily Express* “Christmas Message” of 24th December, 1942 :

“ . . . And how shall we British spend a warlike Christmas? Shall we glum and gloom? Not on your life. Wars were never won by weeping in this country, which, in its long history, has made a corner in winning wars. With a song and a dance, and with a high heart we have met successive generations of devils that sought to impose their black arts upon pure hearts. Begone, dull care, we never had part in thee! Forbid the solemn frown and the long face. . . . As a nation we are wearing well in war. And we face with an equal mind the sterner demands that await us. . . .

“ . . . We won the last war with a smile, says Sir Archibald Wavell. *The Germans never understood our humour, never grasped that the natives of our islands can be grim and relentless while they have a laugh on their lips.*

“As it was before, so it shall be again. . . .”

The generation which is under the shadow of Hitler must necessarily be interested in the feelings of its ancestors under the shadow of Napoleon. There are indeed valuable lessons to be learned and encouragement to be derived from a comparison of the two periods. The parallel with events of our day is at times astonishing.

There is nothing like the contemporary word, the contemporary document, for lifting us right into the spirit of the times. The broadsheets, publications, caricatures, songs, etc., of that fateful and exciting period provide a revealing commentary.

Though written almost 150 years ago, the extracts

quoted might easily have been written for to-day. We need only change the names of one or two of the leading *dramatis personæ*. Time marches on—but History surely repeats itself!

What is the moral for us to-day? For that this short essay has a moral, I admit unblushingly. It is a simple moral and one that touches each of us to-day very closely; a moral which each one of us would do well to ponder over. It may be summed up thus:

“We have been through it all before, this Invasion business, and laughed defiance at it—though without forgetting for one moment the necessity of straining our every nerve and fibre to meet the very real danger; with the result that we have always come out on top.

“What our forefathers could do, we in our turn can, must, and will do—for *History does indeed repeat itself!*”

That is the moral.

Let us see how our stoical forefathers, in Napoleon's time, saw the funny side of their “Invasion” business.

## PART II

### THE WEAPON OF RIDICULE

OUR first item is a mock "playbill," which originally appeared in the form of one of the large patriotic broadsheets that were turned out in such numbers, principally in London, in 1803, and circulated throughout the country, many of them being later reproduced in various magazines and journals. It speaks for itself. (See *facsimile*.)

A very eloquent expression of the reaction of the good people of these islands to the threatened peril. If we but change the name of the "Principal Buffo" to Herr Hitler, how aptly does this "playbill" apply to-day! ". . . *The characters are all mad. . . . It is . . . likely that the [Invasion] may yet be put off . . . his figure is very diminutive, he struts a great deal, seems to have no conception of his character. . . .*" A perfect pen-picture of poor Nappy's present pigmy-imitator, you will agree (after having recovered from the "reiterated bursts" of plethoric p's). However much Herr Hitler may mind his p's and q's, in his frantic efforts to avoid his predecessor's mistakes, he too "will certainly be DAMN'D!" Let him, therefore, look to it, for we will certainly continue, with one ever-increasing purpose, to "go to it!" Mr. Harry Hopkins, of "Lend-Lease" fame, stated the case unequivocally in a broadcast to this country, as far back as 27th July, 1941, when he declared that President Roosevelt was "one with your Prime Minister in his determination to break the ruthless power of that sinful psychopathic of Berlin."

An effective present-day counterpart of the above "playbill," even more to the point and more "sophisticated" than the latter, is found in the reproduction of

other. No squadron, no company shall escape my strictest attention; and whomsoever I then find exerting himself, and doing his duty to the utmost of his power, upon him I will heap honour and favour, and I shall never forget it: but whoever neglects his charge, may go about his business, and NEVER AGAIN SEE HIM

SELF BEFORE ME!" Let the animated sentiments contained in the former part of this address, be fully impressed on the hearts of Britain, and the effects will be the same:—our efforts will be crowned with conquest, and the presumptuous vauntings of a proud enemy for ever silenced.

### THEATRE-ROYAL, ENGLAND.

In Rehearsal, and meant to be speedily attempted,  
A FARCE IN ONE ACT, CALLED

## THE INVASION OF ENGLAND.

Principal Buffo, M. BONAPARTE:

Being his FIRST (and most likely his LAST) Appearance on this Stage.

### ANTICIPATED CRITIQUE.

THE Structure of this Farce is very loose, and there is moral and radical Defect in the Ground-Work. It boasts however considerable Novelty, for the Characters are ALL MAD. It is probable that it will not be played in the COUNTRY, but will certainly never be acted in TOWN; wherever it may be represented, we will do it the Justice to say, it will be received with loud and reiterated bursts of—CANNON!!! but we will venture to affirm, will never have the Success of

## JOHN BULL.

It is however likely that the Piece may yet be put off on account of the INDISPOSITION of the PRINCIPAL PERFORMER, Mr. BONAPARTE. We don't know exactly what this Gentleman's Merits may be on the Tragic Boards of France, but he will never succeed here; his Figure is very Diminutive, he Struts a great deal, seems to have no conception of his Character, and treads the Stage very badly; notwithstanding which Defects, we think if he comes here, he will get an ENGAGEMENT, though it is probable that he will shortly after be reduced to the Situation of a SCENE-SHIFTER.

As for the Farce, we recommend the Whole to be Cut down, as it is the Opinion of all good Critics, that it will certainly be

DAMN'D.

*Vicent Rex & Regina.*

DETECTIVE DIVISION  
CIRCULAR NO. 1  
AUGUST, 1941

**POLICE DEPARTMENT**  
FIGHT FOR FREEDOM

CLASSIFICATION

# WANTED FOR MURDER



**ADOLF SCHICKLGRUBER**  
Alias: Hitler

Wanted for **MURDER; ARSON; GRAND LARCENY; POSSESSION OF FIRE-ARMS; PIRACY; TREACHERY; RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION.**

**SHOOT ON SIGHT!**

This man is dangerous, will attack without warning; he is always surrounded by armed thugs and expert gunmen.

**REWARD!**

If captured, dead or alive the reward will be freedom for the entire world and peace for all nations.

**DESCRIPTION**—Age 32 in 1941; height, five feet, seven inches; weight, 150-165; hair, black, shaggy locks hang over forehead; eyes, black, have demented gaze; complexion, sallow; football mustache, eleven hairs on each side; foppish dresser, but has marked devotion to brown shirts and an old trench-coat.

**PARTICULARS**—This man has tendency to become hysterical on slight provocation, has been known to throw himself on floor and gnaw rugs; guttural voice apt to rise to shrill tones when excited or thwarted. He has delusions, particularly about his place in history and his powers over vast numbers of people. He is sadistic, malicious, bombastic, vengeful, mystical, maniacal, addicted to public hysteria on "race purity;" suffers from dreams of persecution. He is a congenital liar. He has worked at only one known trade — house painting.

**RECORD**—He has served one term in prison, and has a police record of inciting to riot in various cities.



NOTIFY  
**FIGHT FOR FREEDOM, INC.**  
1276 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY TEL. CIRCLE 6-4250

American "Police Notice"



an American bogus "Police Notice," which appeared in this country in 1941, the second anniversary of the present struggle. This "Police Notice" had shortly before been posted on the bulletin board in every hamlet in the U.S.A. It shows the wanted man's fingerprints, each marked by a swastika.

"... REWARD! If captured, dead or alive, the reward will be freedom for the entire world and peace for all nations."

Effective propaganda indeed. And yet, when Mr. Harry Hopkins gave his broadcast, and this "Police Notice" appeared all over the U.S.A., America had still over four months to go before she was officially engaged in the Fight for Freedom!

One of the most amusing and most topical pieces of propaganda of those days for us to read to-day is the quaint "Dialogue between John Bull and Bonaparte, met half-seas over between Dover and Calais." Entitled :

"Plain Answers to Plain Questions,"

it will be found in reduced *facsimile* as the back end-paper.

Note the would-be invader's answer to John Bull's question :

"What do you mean to do when you come here?"

"I won't tell you," he replies. "It would make your hair stand on end."

But John refuses to be impressed. We can well imagine the smile with which he continues, indulgently :

"Aren't you a bit afraid of us?"

"Bonéy" confesses that he is ; but courageously hastens to boast that he is willing to make the Grand Sacrifice—100,000 of his men—in his Grand Invasion attempt.

Which seems to remind us of the equal courage which Hitler has displayed in statements on the same subject ;

though *his* estimate rises, of course, to much greater heights of selfless sacrifice. . . .

John Bull, then as now, still refused to be impressed, but continued to be amused—and increasingly vigilant.

“Dialogue” was a favourite style of propaganda in those days. Here are extracts from two similar broadsheets published in the same year (1805). The first, which is entitled :

“A Dialogue between Mrs. Bull and  
Madame Bonaparte,”

follows very appropriately on the preceding Dialogue between their male counterparts. I quote an amusing example of the exchange of civilities the ladies are made to indulge in. Says “Madame Bonaparte” :

“My husband, Ma’am, is known to the whole world as the *greatest, wisest, tallest, calmest, most peaceable, forbearing, charitable, mildest* man in the Universe ! Never puts himself in a passion, no *boaster* or *swaggerer* ! Gentle as the *evening breeze* and mild as the *zephyrs* ! You will hear his name repeated with *rapture* on the *plains of Marengo* and in the *Town of Lodi* ! From the *Basis of the Pyramids* to the gardens of *St. Cloud* ! His justness and *humanity* are the general themes of the enlightened world. My husband is the renowned, wonderful NAPOLEONE BONAPARTE !!!”

What more model spouse could any man desire ! But Mrs. Bull—like her hubby in the preceding Dialogue—was not in the least impressed. She retorts :

“Mercy on me ! What did you say ? The little Corsican *Boney* ! He the greatest man in the world ! It’s very well my spouse John is gone to smoke a pipe with his brother Pat, or I’m sure he would kick me downstairs for keeping such company. And so, Ma’am, a fine piece of humbug flummery you’ve been hatching

together. The deuce of my tea you will get from me ; and if I give you any advice it will be to take yourself off before John comes home ! ”

Boney's loyal advocate's feelings are hurt to the quick. She is too overcome to do more than observe :

“ What an unpolished woman ! ”

The other broadsheet, consisting of a large caricature with a lively dialogue beneath, bears the title :

“ A Return from an Invasion ;  
or, Napoleon at a Nonplus.”

Boney is shown skulking into Calais in rags and tatters after suffering a severe defeat. He is surrounded by a mocking crowd of fishwives and soldiers. The signpost bearing the words, “ A l'Angleterre ” is falling down, and so is the sign of “ Le Premier Consul ” over the tavern door.

*First Fishwife* : “ Oh, the miserable rogue ! Off with him ! ”

*Second ditto* : “ What have you been at, my little Boney ? ”

*Little Boney* : “ No great things. All's gone ! Men and boats. All's lost ! ”

*Governor of Calais* : “ Why, my dashing Boney, you cut a sneaking figure. We are both of us in the same mess.”

*French Soldier* : “ All gone ! O le Diable ! Where's the roast beef, the plumb [*sic*] pudding and the pretty girls ? These damned English fellows won't let us come near them.”

*English Sailor* : “ Take one kick at parting, and thank your insignificance the English suffered you to return to France alive.”

We do not wonder at Napoleon's hesitation in launching his much-threatened invasion, when we read how

determined was John Bull's spirit of defiant resistance. A people who could fling ridicule and contempt in the Tyrant's face as our forefathers did were certainly not likely to hesitate in translating their words into actions if and when the blow actually fell.

Napoleon hesitated—and was lost. Hitler has already thought twice, and oftener, about *his* invasion plans. The axiom, he will find, still holds good.

Here are one or two of the delightful things Boney was promised if he decided to "come over the water to Johnny" :

John Bull sings cheerily :  
 " Let him come and be d——d,  
 What cares Johnny Bull !  
 With my crab-stick assured,  
 I will fracture his skull ! "

\* \* \*

" I'll squeeze the vile reptile 'twixt my finger and thumb,  
 Make him stink like a bug if he dares to presume ! "

\* \* \*

and

Come, Bonaparte, if you dare ;  
 John Bull invites you : bring your Host,  
 Your slaves with Free Men to compare ;  
 Your Frogs shall croak along the Coast.

When slain, thou vilest of thy tribe,  
 Wrapped in a sack your bones shall be,  
 That the elements may ne'er imbibe  
 The venom of a Toad like thee.

" Johnny " gave still more eloquent and vivid expression to his intentions in the patriotic songs of the time, as you will agree from the examples given in Part III : " What the People Sang."

The wits of the period were extremely fond of epigrams on the all-absorbing topic. Many of these are in the

traditional *Punch* vein (which was thus anticipated by some thirty years). Here are a few typical examples :

Says Boney to Johnny : " I'll soon be at Dover."  
 Says Johnny to Boney : " That's doubted by some."  
 Says Boney : " But what if I *really* come over ? "  
 Says Johnny : " Then *really* you'll be over-come ! "

\* \* \*

Some think the Invasion will take place ;  
 I deem it all a joke.  
 Yet, if it prove a serious case,  
 'Twill surely end in *smoke* !

\* \* \*

" The Emperor of the French has chosen that his regalia should be sprinkled with *bees*—probably to typify that his imperialism is all a *hum*. But wasps would be infinitely more emblematical of the envenomed insect that has robbed so many of the *hives* of Europe."

\* \* \*

And lastly, a neat one—" On seeing a miniature of Bonaparte hanging from the neck of a woman of quality " :

" What ! hang from the neck of a lady ! " cries Bill,  
 " Was ever such folly and impudence known ?  
 As to hanging, indeed he may hang where he will,  
 But, as to the neck, let it be by his own."

\* \* \*

The name of the would-be Invader provided excellent material for the irrepressible punsters. The following two items savour somewhat of the *salle-à-manger* :

#### JOHN BULL TO HIS COUNTRYMEN.

Though the world bow the neck to the Corsican Chief,  
 We Britons will ever resist hand and heart,  
 And die, e'er we'll barter our English Roast Beef  
 For Soup Maigre, and Frogs, or a d—mn'd Bony-part !

\* \* \*

## TO BONAPARTE.

Sure, Nappy, you've a cruel heart,  
 And most unfeeling soul,  
 For, not content to "bone a part,"  
 You mean to "bone the whole."  
 But build not castles in the air,  
 Nor let vain hopes deceive,  
 For Daddy John has set a snare  
 Where none can take—"French leave."

\* \* \*

The poets of the time had ample scope for the exercise of their talents, and verse—or (inevitably), worse—abounds literally by the yard, including clever parodies on well-known poems. One of the latter, a parody on "A Man's a Man for a' That," makes interesting reading. It was "adapted to the times" by a "Mr. Balfour":

Wha wad at Bonaparte's nod  
 Gi'e Malta up, an' a' that?  
 His conscript slaves we laugh to scorn,  
 An' dare be free for a' that.  
     For a' that, an' a' that,  
     Republic law, an' a' that,  
     In Britain's vales her bairns find  
     Mair freedom far than a' that.

What tho' the Swiss ha'e hunker'd down<sup>1</sup>  
 An' kiss'd their looves,<sup>2</sup> an' a' that,  
 Let Dutch an' Don faint at his frown,  
 A Scot's a Scot for a' that.  
     For a' that, an' a' that,  
     His Hamburg Squibs an' a' that,  
     John Bull has breath to bla' a blast  
     Will answer him an' a' that.

Yon little man, First Consul ca'd,  
 Frets, fumes, an' raves, an' a' that;  
 Tho' Frenchmen tremble at his word,  
 He's Corsican for a' that.

<sup>1</sup> To hunker down : to squat down.

<sup>2</sup> Looves : palms of the hands.

For a' that, an' a' that,  
Reviews, levees, an' a' that,  
The free-born brave o' Britain's isle  
Can look an' laugh an' a' that.

Tho' he can mak' Etrurian kings,  
Popes, Cardinals, an' a' that,  
To rule the sea's abune his might—  
Gude faith ! he maunna fa' that !<sup>1</sup>  
For a' that, an' a' that,  
Flat-bottom'd boats an' a' that,  
Our wooden wa's an' British tars  
Are nobler far than a' that.

Yet let us pray to see the day  
When Commerce smiles, an' a' that ;  
When War shall cease, an' gentle Peace  
Shall bear the gree<sup>2</sup> an' a' that.  
For a' that, an' a' that,  
'Tis comin' yet for a' that,  
When bluidy blades an' broken heads  
Shall banish'd be an' a' that.

A clever product of the rhymester, "A New Song of Old Sayings," in which well-known proverbs are aptly introduced, is worth adding in its entirety :

Bonaparte, the bully, resolv'd to come over,  
With flat-bottom'd wherries, from Calais to Dover ;  
No perils to him in the billows are found—  
*For if born to be hang'd he can never be drown'd.*

From a Corsican dunghill this fungus did spring,  
He was soon made a Captain and would be a King ;  
But the higher he rises the more he does evil—  
*For a beggar on horseback will ride to the devil.*

To seize all that we have and then clap us in jail,  
To devour all our victuals and drink all our ale,  
And to grind us to dust is the Corsican's will—  
*For we know all is grist that e'er comes to his mill.*

<sup>1</sup> Good faith ! he mustn't get that !

<sup>2</sup> Bear the gree : carry off the prize.

To stay quiet at home the First Consul can't bear,  
Or mayhap he *would have other fish to fry there* :  
So, as fish of that sort does not suit his desire,  
He *leaps out of the frying-pan into the fire*.

He builds barges and cock-boats, and craft without end,  
And numbers of boats which to England he'll send ;  
But in spite of his craft, and his barges and boats,  
He still *reckons*, I think, *without one of his hosts*.

He rides upon France and he tramples on Spain,  
And holds Holland and Italy tight in a chain ;  
These he hazards for more, though I can't understand  
How *one bird in the bush is worth two in the hand*.

He trusts that his luck will all danger expel,  
But *the pitcher is broke that goes oft to the well* :  
And when our brave soldiers this bully surround,  
Though he's thought *penny-wise*, *he'll look foolish in pound*.

France can never forget that our fathers of yore  
Used to pepper and baste her at sea and on shore ;  
And we'll speedily prove to this mock Alexander  
*What was sauce for the goose will be sauce for the gander*.

I have heard and have read in a great many books  
Half the Frenchmen are tailors, and t'other half cooks ;  
We've fine trimmings in store for the Knights of the Cloth,  
And the *cooks that come here will but spoil their own broth*.

It is said that the French are a numerous race,  
And perhaps it is true—for *ill weeds grow apace* :  
But come when they will, and as many as dare,  
I'll expect *they'll arrive a day after the fair*.

To invade us more safely, these warriors boast  
They will wait till a storm drives our fleet from the coast ;  
That 'twill be *an ill wind* will be soon understood—  
For a wind *that blows Frenchmen blows nobody good*.



They would treat Britain worse than they've treated  
Mynheer,  
But they'll find *they have got a wrong sow by the ear* :  
Let them come, then, in swarms, by this Corsican led,  
And I warrant we'll *hit the right nail on the head*.

And now for a few of the funny stories which helped the people to see the comic side of their trials and tribulations. I shall quote the stories as they originally appeared, in all their quaint (and sometimes distinctly ungrammatical) glory.

Even in those distant days, it seems, the prices of commodities were obliged to rise. A woman of Wigan ("in Lancashire," as we are obligingly reminded) was told that candles had been increased twopence per pound "on account of the war." She replied :

"Dang it ! Are they got to feighten by candle-light ? "

There is a naïve one about an Irish soldier (which, however, we trust was not founded on fact). "A private in the 23rd regiment of foot," he was "convicted for shooting at, and robbing a French peasant, and was in consequence sentenced to be hanged. On arriving at the place of execution, he addressed the spectators in a stentorian voice, as follows :

" 'Bad luck to the Duke of Wellington ! He's no Irishman's friend, anyway. I have killed many a score of Frenchmen by his orders, and when I just took it into my head to kill one upon my own account, by the powers he has tucked me up for it ! ' "

Here is another, this time about an Irish sailor :

"A Munster man, on board a man-of-war, was desired by his mess-mates to go down to the stewards'

room for a can of small beer. . . . Perceiving that preparations were then making for sailing immediately, he refused, saying :

“ ‘ Arrah, my honey ! And so while I am after going into the cellar to fetch drink for you, the ship will be after sailing and leaving me behind ! ’ ”

And one dealing with “ Scotch Economy,” which was, apparently, famous even in those days. We have a sneaking suspicion that it was written by an Irishman :

“ As two military officers of the sister countries of Ireland and Scotland, were passing along Piccadilly, their attention was arrested by a pretty girl at work with her needle behind the counter of a *Magazin des Modes*. The Hibernian instantly proposed to go into the shop and purchase some trifle, by way of excuse for obtaining a nearer inspection of the fair damsel.

“ ‘ Hoot awa’, man ! ’ said the equally curious but more economical Scot, ‘ there’s na occasion to throw awa’ siller ; let’s gang in an’ ask change o’ twa saxpences for a shilling ! ’ ”

There is a quaint tale about a poor stuttering soldier :

“ A soldier being to be sent [what strange English !] on the late Spanish expedition, said to the officer directing the drafts :

“ ‘ Sir, I cannot go, because I-I s-s-stutter ! ’

“ ‘ Stutter ! ’ says the officer, ‘ you don’t go to talk but to fight ! ’

“ ‘ Aye, but they’ll p-p-put me on g-g-guard, and a man may go ha-ha-half a mile, before he can say Wh-wh-who goes there ? ’

“ ‘ Oh, that’s no objection, for there will be another sentry placed along with you, and he can challenge if you can fire.’ ”

“ ‘ Well, b-b-but I may be taken, and run through the heart, b-b-before I can say Qu-qu-quarter ! ’ ”

\* \* \*

One or two semi-serious stories :

“ An Irish officer in battle happening to bow, a cannon-ball passed over his head and took off the head of a soldier who stood behind him.

“ ‘ You see,’ he said, ‘ that a man never loses by politeness.’ ”

\* \* \*

“ A party of sailors who had been in the battle of Trafalgar were afterwards met in Plymouth Dock by some of their acquaintances.

“ ‘ So, Ben,’ said one of them, ‘ you have lost brave Nelson. The dear fellow ! He is gone to heaven, I hope.’

“ ‘ Gone to heaven ! ’ replied Ben, ‘ to be sure he is. What do you think could stop him ? ’ ”

\* \* \*

“ A young lady going into a barrack-room saw an officer toasting a slice of bread on the point of his sword. On which she exclaimed :

“ ‘ I think, Sir, you have got the *staff of life* on the *point of death* ! ’ ”

\* \* \*

“ A captain, who had a wooden leg booted over, had it shattered to pieces by a cannon-ball. His men cried :

“ ‘ A surgeon, a surgeon for the captain ! ’

“ ‘ No, no,’ said he, ‘ a carpenter will serve my turn.’ ”

\* \* \*

The next story was published shortly after Waterloo :

“ A Frenchman, meeting an English soldier with a Waterloo medal, began sneeringly to animadvert on our government for bestowing such a trifle, which did not cost them three francs.

“ ‘ That’s true, to be sure,’ replied the hero, ‘ it did

not cost the English government three francs, but it cost the French a Napoleon ! ' ' ' <sup>1</sup>

\* \* \*

And lastly, another post-Waterloo story, this time about Wellington :

" Louis XVIII asked the Duke of Wellington, familiarly, how old he was. The latter replied :

" ' Sire, I was born in the year 1769.' "

" ' And so was Bonaparte,' rejoined the King. ' Providence owed us this compensation.' "

\* \* \*

Back for another piece of rhyming, which the poets found so facile a medium for the expression of the people's defiance of Napoleon's threats of imminent invasion. It is entitled :

" Warning to the Consul,"

and certainly makes interesting reading :

So they say Little Boney is making his boast  
That soon he intends a descent on our coast.  
But 'tis one thing to talk, and another to do,  
And who is afraid of this mere Bugaboo ? <sup>2</sup>

Should he set but a foot on our freedom-girt shore,  
The Consular Chair he will never fill more ;  
For the Lads of the Island will show him some fun,  
And tear from his brow ev'ry laurel he's won.

Of Marengo <sup>3</sup> he boasts, and the devil knows what,  
But for Acre, <sup>4</sup> he still keeps his thumb upon that ;  
For there gallant Sidney once prov'd to a T  
That fighting on shore came as pat as at sea.

<sup>1</sup> The face value of a Napoleon was 20 francs.

<sup>2</sup> Bugaboo : Scottish for hobgoblin—terrible to the sight but not so very bad when you got to know it !

<sup>3</sup> Battle of Marengo—won by Napoleon against the Austrians in 1800.

<sup>4</sup> When Napoleon was within an ace of capturing Acre, in 1799, he was driven back by Admiral Sir Sidney Smith with naval guns which had been captured from the French. Napoleon afterwards said of Smith : " That man has made me miss my destiny. Had Acre fallen, I should have been Emperor of all the East." [continued opposite.

Should the coast of old Erin this braggart receive  
(As many are led from his threats to believe),  
To his cost, by Saint Patrick, the Consul will find  
A welcome that may not be quite to his mind.

Or should this Invader be led to explore  
The way to old England by Caledon's<sup>1</sup> shore,  
I think he'll be tempted to curse his hard lot,  
When met in the field by the true *sans culottes*.<sup>2</sup>

But jesting apart, let us join heart and hand,  
With vigour to meet him, if here he should land,  
And prove we are Britons—united and brave—  
And laugh at the man who our Isle would enslave.

\* \* \*

If Napoleon entertained hopes (as in fact he did) of cashing-in on any internal dissensions existing between the rival political factions in these islands, his optimism would doubtless have been severely damped if he had read the above verses with their final warnings. A perusal of the lines which follow (published in 1800) might have confirmed his doubts :

#### HOP, STEP, AND JUMP

At the "Sign of the George," a national set  
(It fell out on a recent occasion),  
A Briton, a Scot, and Hibernian were met  
To discourse 'bout the threaten'd invasion.

<sup>1</sup> Caledon : Caledonia, i.e., Scotland.

<sup>2</sup> "The true *sans culottes*": the kilted Scotsmen—in contradistinction to the "trouserless" French mob !

---

One recalls the ferocious blitz on London on the night of September 11th, 1940, when the most terrific A.A. barrage yet of the war was put up by mobile naval guns, which were continually rushed through the streets to varying vantage-points. They so baffled the Hun raiders that next day it was declared that, but for these tactics, London would have been razed to the ground. The gallant men behind those naval guns did, indeed, that night make Hitler "miss his destiny."

The liquor went round, they joked and they laughed,  
 Were quite pleasant, facetious, and hearty ;  
 To the health of their King flowing bumpers they quaff'd,  
 With confusion to great Bonaparte.

Quoth John : " 'Tis reported, that snug little strait  
 Which runs between Calais and Dover,  
 With a hop, step, and jump, that the Consul elate  
 Intends in a trice to skip over.

" Let him try ev'ry cunning political stroke,  
 And devise ev'ry scheme that he's able ;  
 He'll find us as firm and as hard to be broke  
 As the bundle of sticks in the fable."

The Scot and Hibernian replied : " You are right—  
 Let him go the whole length of his tether ;  
 When England and Scotland and Ireland unite,  
 They defy the whole world put together."

\* \* \*

And another on the same Invasion theme, which seems  
 to have been inspired, appropriately enough, by the awful  
 giant in the fairy-tale :

#### A SONG

#### ON THE THREATENED INVASION BY BONAPARTE

Britons, have you heard their boast ?  
 Frenchmen will invade our coast ;  
 Nay, to rob you quite of rest,  
 From his lofty Alpine nest<sup>1</sup>  
 BONAPARTE HIMSELF shall come  
 And fright you with his Fe, Fa, Fum.

Wantley's Dragon<sup>2</sup> crack'd the stones  
 Like hazel nuts ? Just so your bones  
 This redoubtable Italian,

<sup>1</sup> Compare Hitler's " lofty nest " at Berchtesgaden !

<sup>2</sup> An old story tells of this monster, which was slain by one named More, of More Hall. He procured a suit of armour studded with spikes, and kicked the Dragon in the mouth, where alone it was vulnerable. Percy, in his *Reliques*, says the Dragon was an overgrown, rascally attorney who cheated some children of their estate, and was made to disgorge by More, who went against him " armed with the spikes of the law," after which the attorney died of vexation. Incidentally, Wantley is Wharnccliffe, in Yorkshire.

With his Army, all rapsallion,  
Swears he'll crack, when he CAN come,  
To fright you with his Fe, Fa, Fum.

Like the mighty Hannibal,  
Marching on with great and small,  
He shall sweep away thro' France,  
And come and lead you such a dance,  
And soon shall make you cry : " He's come  
To eat us up ! "—Great Fe, Fa, Fum ! !

Xerxes' <sup>1</sup> army drank a river,  
Tho' but arm'd with bow and quiver ;  
What then, with his thund'ring cannon,  
To Bonaparte is Thames or Shannon ?  
Woe betide us, should he come,  
This blust'ring Bluebeard, Fe, Fa, Fum !

From his vengeance tho' to screen,  
The pathless ocean rolls between,  
Tho' its billows vainly roar,  
Broken by a rocky shore :  
Yet SECURE, he swears, he'll come,  
To scare us with his Fe, Fa, Fum.

True that Howe<sup>2</sup> their naval pride  
Humbl'd on the briny tide ;  
True that Bridport<sup>3</sup> too *his* dance  
Taught the vapouring fleet of France ;  
Bonaparte they vow shall come,  
And grind us with his Fe, Fa, Fum.

<sup>1</sup> When Xerxes invaded Greece, he constructed a pontoon bridge across the Dardanelles which was swept away by the force of the waves. This so enraged the Persian despot that he " inflicted 300 lashes on the rebellious sea, and cast chains of iron across it." This story is probably a Greek myth, founded on the peculiar construction of Xerxes' second bridge, which consisted of 300 boats lashed by iron chains to two ships serving as supports. It is interesting to note that Xerxes is identical with the Ahasuerus of the Bible. His original Persian name is Ksathra, or Kshatra.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Richard Howe defeated the French fleet off Brest, on June 1st, 1794.

<sup>3</sup> Lord Bridport defeated the French fleet off l'Orient, on June 22nd, 1795.

Say, ye Dons, can naval story  
 Rival brave St. Vincent's<sup>1</sup> glory ?  
 Own, ye Dutch, that all your spirit  
 Strove in vain with Duncan's<sup>2</sup> merit ;  
 Yet both must crouch when he shall come,  
 This Giant Grim, this Fe, Fa, Fum.

Such the vaunt of Frenchmen vain,  
 Conquer'd on the boundless main ;  
 Such the projects they are brewing,  
 Reeking with their country's ruin.  
 But, Assassins, let him come,  
 Your Corsican, your Fe, Fa, Fum.

Let him come !—He soon shall know  
 Britain rises to the blow.  
 Let him come !—He soon shall feel  
 Our hearts of oak, our hands of steel !  
 Yes, ye Atheists ! Let him come  
 And do his worst,<sup>3</sup> your Fe, Fa, Fum.

The laurels he so long has worn  
 From his brow shall soon be torn :  
 Soon shall sink, to rise no more,  
 His fame, upon our favour'd shore !  
 We are ready !—Let him come,  
 This fierce Italian Fe, Fa, Fum.

There were, however, many people who, despite "Little Boney's" reiterated threats, coupled with the awe-inspiring stories of his fantastic "secret-weapons" and painstaking preparations, still steadfastly refused to believe the invasion would ever come off. An unwise attitude, of course, though one which was to prove

<sup>1</sup> John Jervis, later Earl St. Vincent, defeated the Spanish fleet off Cape St. Vincent, on February 14th, 1797.

<sup>2</sup> Admiral Adam Duncan defeated the Dutch fleet at Camperdown, on October 11th, 1797, for which he was created a Viscount.

<sup>3</sup> Compare the invitation to Hitler & Co. extended by our "Skipper," Mr. Winston Churchill : "Do your worst—we will do our best !"



justified. The following verses appeared shortly before Christmas, 1803 :

This Little Boney says he'll come  
At merry Xmas-time ;  
But this I say is all a hum,  
Or no more will I rhyme.

Some say in wooden house he'll glide,  
Some say in air-balloon ;  
E'en those these airy schemes deride  
Agree he's coming soon.

Now, honest people, list to me,  
Though income is but small,  
I'll bet my wig to one pen-ney  
He will not come at all.

We have heard a great deal of the "New Order" which Hitler aims to impose upon the civilized world. It may come as a surprise to some of my readers to learn that Napoleon tried to do exactly the same thing.

These lines made their appearance late in 1803 :

*Novus Rerum Nascitur Ordo*  
(The New Order of Things is Born)

The new order of things ! Aye, the French Revolution !  
The grand cure for the ills of weak Constitution :  
Which by Freedom, Fraternity, Equalisation,  
Would all Europe unite in *One Family Nation !*  
Ask the Fleming, the Spaniard, the Italian, the Swiss,  
What they've gained by such Friendship ?—" *A Brotherly Kiss.*"

Ask the phlegmatic Dutchman, the warm Portuguese,  
What their compacts produced ?—" *An Affectionate Squeeze.*"  
But, by such a connexion, pray, what should *we* get ?  
" Why, a riddance, at once, of your National Debt ! "  
A mere quibble, Monsieur ! But we are not such gulls :  
For instead of *Consols*, we should then have *Consuls* !

Turning England into an armed camp naturally proved a strain on the national exchequer. As usual, short-

sighted people were soon to be found to grouse over the Budget which the Prime Minister Pitt introduced towards the end of 1797, and particularly over the proposed increase of the income tax to the unheard-of heights of 1s. in the £.

A cartoon was published in which Pitt is shown holding out to John Bull a large bag, inscribed : " Requisition Budget."

" More money, John ! " he exclaims, " More money ! to defend you from the bloody, the cannibal French. They're a-coming ! Why, they'll strip you to the very skin ! More money, John ! They're a-coming ! They're a-coming ! "

The cartoon served its purpose. Not only did Pitt get his money, but—in the cartoon at any rate—John sacrifices his breeches as well as his bullion. John Citizen might grumble about the new taxes, but his determination to keep " Boney " out of the country took precedence over every other consideration.

Just as to-day we have our War Savings Associations, " Spitfire Funds," " War Weapons Weeks," and other equally worthy methods of raising money to help the war effort, so were the people of those far-off-and-yet-so-near days asked to give or lend whatever they could spare in the common cause.

The following quaint little verses appeared in a magazine in 1804. Entitled :

" AN ADDRESS TO A SHILLING

(*Which the Author gave to the Subscription for the  
Support of his Country*) "

they express the worthy feelings with which their author sent his humble but proud contribution on its patriotic mission :

Go forth, my mite ! and join the heap  
That Loyalty bestows ;  
Go guard our coast, go rule the deep,  
And thunder on our foes.

Be not abash'd—resign thy fear  
That weak and poor thou art ;  
'Twas honest labour brought thee here,  
And freedom bids us part.

Go forth—and when amid the train  
Of glitt'ring thousands press'd,  
Should some proud guinea look disdain,  
Be thus thy speech address'd :

“ Tho' from no golden heaps I came,  
Nor boast a purse-proud owner,  
A sterling shilling is my name,  
And loyal is my donor.

“ His debts when paid, he found me o'er,  
And gave me with good will,  
Oft wish'd me gold, or, what is more,  
But equal to his zeal.”

I see thy little heart beats high,  
And pants in ev'ry string ;  
Then out with energy, and cry :  
“ Britannia and her King ! ”

Here are two “ Epistles.” The first, “ Bob Rousem's Epistle to Bonypart,” was originally published in London in 1803 in the form of a large broadsheet, and shortly afterwards reprinted in various magazines. Couched in lusty nautical language, it typifies the spirit of the times :

“ This comes hoping you are well, as I am at this present ; but I say, Bony, what a damn'd Lubber you must be to think of getting *soundings* among us English. I

tell ye as how your Anchor will never hold ; it isn't made of good Stuff, so luff up,<sup>1</sup> Bony, or you'll be *fast a-ground* before you know where you are. We don't mind your palaver and nonsense ; for though 'tis all Wind, it would hardly fill the Stun'sails<sup>2</sup> of an English Man of War. You'll never catch a Breeze to bring ye here as long as you live, depend upon it. I'll give ye a bit of Advice now ; do *try* to Lie as near the *Truth* as possible, and don't give us any more of your *Clinchers*.<sup>3</sup> I say, do you remember how Lord Nelson came *round* ye at the Nile ? I tell ye what, if you don't take Care what you are about, you'll soon be afloat in a way you won't like, in a High Sea, upon a Grating, my Boy, without a bit of soft Tommy<sup>4</sup> to put into your Lanthorn Jaws.<sup>5</sup> I'll tell you now how we shall fill the Log-Book if you come ; I'll give ye the Journal, my Boy, with an Allowance for *Lee-way* and *Variation* that you don't expect.

"Now then, at Five, A.M: Bonypart's Cock-Boats sent out to amuse our ENGLISH MEN OF WAR with FIGHTING (that we like). Six, A.M: Bonypart lands (that is, if he can), then we begin to blow the Grampus.<sup>6</sup> Seven, A.M: Bonypart in a Pucker.<sup>7</sup> Eight, A.M: Bonypart *running away*. Nine, A.M: Bonypart on board. Ten, A.M: Bonypart *sinking*. Eleven, A.M: Bonypart in *Davy's Locker*. Meridian: Bonypart in the North Corner

<sup>1</sup> Luff up : Nautical expression meaning "to sail in a specified direction with the head kept close to the wind."

<sup>2</sup> Stun'sails, or studding-sail : "Sail set on small extra yard and boom beyond leech of square sail in light winds."

<sup>3</sup> Clinchers : Arguments or remarks that triumphantly settle a question.

<sup>4</sup> Soft Tommy : Nautical expression for soft or fresh bread.

<sup>5</sup> Lanthorn Jaws, or Lantern Jaws : Long and thin, giving hollow look to the face.

<sup>6</sup> To blow the grampus : Nautical expression meaning "Sluicing a person with water, especially practised on him who skulks or sleeps on his watch." (Smyth's "Sailor's Word-Book," 1867.)

<sup>7</sup> In a pucker : In a state of agitation or excitement.

of—where it burns and freezes at the same time ; but you know, any Port in a Storm, Bony, so there I'll leave ye. Now you know what you have to expect ; so you see as how you can't say I didn't tell ye. Come, I'll give ye a Toast : Here's Hard Breezes and Foul Weather to ye, my Boy, in your Passage. Here's may you be *Sea-Sick*—we'll soon make ye *Sick of the Sea*. Here's may you never have a Friend here or a Bottle to give him. And to conclude : Here's the French Flag where it ought to be—under the ENGLISH.

HIS

BOB × ROUSEM

MARK

“ P.S. : You see, as I couldn't write, our Captain's Clerk put the Lingo into black and white for me, and says *he'll charge it to you.*”

\* \* \*

To which might have been added : *verb. sap.*—or, as Sir Harry Lauder would say : “ So mind, Ah'm tellin' ye ! ”

Our second “ Epistle ” is a quaint “ Letter from a Soldier,” which appeared in a London magazine in 1815, shortly after the final fall of Napoleon and all he stood for. We are assured, in an introductory editorial statement, that it “ may be relied on as a genuine Epistle.”

Apologies for skipping Twelve years between the two documents are, I think, superfluous. The letter, whether genuine or not, affords us a lively insight into the mind of an ordinary fighting-man of the period. If he was lamentably lax about his grammar and spelling, he did at any rate succeed in “ joining the army and seeing the world,” as well as providing us with an entertaining account of his adventures :

“ Paris in France,

“ Dear Mother,

Sept. 6, 1815.

“ I did not anser your letters while I was bissy fighting the French every day for a long time in the mountains of Spain, and I always had the good luck, till one day I received two balls. One hit me right on my brest, and knocked me down ; and as soon as I got my wind again, I fired about ten rounds more, and another hit me, which was bad a long time, and one came through my haversack, and another through my trousers and shirt ; and that same night was verry wet and no fires could be lighted, and it was verry cold on the mountains ; but the dokter was verry good to me. After that, we drove the French into their own country and made them beg for pease, and then we went into Amerryka, into Upper Candy, and had all the fighting with the Yankeys, till we got em up to the falls of Niegarry, which is one of the seven wonders of the world. There my captain was so kind as to give me a pass without a date, and I worked for a large farmer all winter and had plenty of vittles, and a good bed fit for any gentleman. Our ridgement was then lying in barns, and when the men got up of a morning, it was so cold that their hare was froze to their heads and they could not pull the blankets from the floors. We then returned to Spithead, and was six weeks on the water, and then we was ordered to French Flanders and at last we have got to Paris, and the French is verry civil funny fellows now, cause they know we can defend ourselves,<sup>1</sup> and there is shows and montebanks every

<sup>1</sup> This opinion of our ancient enemy reminds one of an interesting verse relevant to the present situation. Written in 1640 by a Dutch poet, Jacob Cats, it has become proverbial. Here is a free translation :

When the Hun is poor and down,  
He's the humblest fellow in town ;  
But once he climbs and holds the rod,  
He smites his fellow-men—and God.

German characteristics do not seem to have changed much through the centuries.

night, and Sundays and all. There is no justices, nor Methodys to stop them and there's all sorts of sights. Bartlemy fair,<sup>1</sup> in Lunnan, is nothing to it, and we are now again by brave Duke Wellington, that always conquers, and there is soldiers of all sorts here past telling. Rushons, Prushons, and Austrions, and Jarmans of all kinds, and the Rushons are verry goodnatered cretures, and will do aney thing for an Englishmun, and says their prayers every morning, and will fight their enemies for ever for the emperor and the Vurgin Marey, the same as wee do for King George and Old England, and the Prushons is verry quite men, and smokes all day long, and the Austrions is fine tall fellows and all our officers is verry good gentlemen, and we thinks to stay in France two years, and I'm verry contented. I have larnt a little French in Candy, but it is not the same sort thats spoke here. Give my love to inquireing friends. I am, dere Mother,

“Your fectionate son,

“JOHN JENKINS.”

*Verry interesting !*

Anticipatory epitaphs on Napoleon became quite popular in the British press. These varied from grave (I beg your pardon) to gay. The following fragmentary specimen appeared in 1814—seven years ahead of schedule :

Passant ! ne plaint pas mon sort,  
Si je vivais, tu serais mort.

With the added translation :

Reader ! lament not as you here pass by,  
Were I alive, 'twould be your turn to die.

<sup>1</sup> “Bartlemy fair” : Bartholomew Fair, London. The festival in honour of St. Bartholomew (martyred in the year A.D. 71) is said to have been instituted in 1130, a charter having been granted by Henry I in 1133. Incidentally, Bartholomew Fair was held until 1855, when it was discontinued.

With the battle of Trafalgar on 21st October, 1805, Napoleon's dream of invasion was finally and irrevocably shattered. A clever parody on Hamlet's Soliloquy, entitled: "Bonaparte's Soliloquy," appeared late in 1804, after Napoleon had kept this country in a state of hourly expectation of invasion, threatened and put off and threatened again on innumerable occasions. "How like our present position!" you will say. And, when Hitler meets *his* Trafalgar (in preparation for his Waterloo), you will agree, equally prophetically, that History does indeed repeat itself!

Here is the poem, with which we shall conclude this part of our tribute to the inspiring stoical spirit of our forefathers:

To invade, or not invade?—That is the question.  
 Whether 'twere better policy to bear  
 The discontented spirit of my Army  
 To whom I've promis'd plunder; or to make  
 A grand attack on Britain?—To invade, to fight,  
 On their own shores, a people fam'd for valour,  
 And by that fight put an end  
 To the eternal jealousy and strife  
 Subsisting 'twixt the French and English nations.  
 And, what is more desirable to me—  
*England's complete o'erthrow!*—To invade, to fight—  
 To fight?—perchance be *beat!*—Aye, there's the point  
 That shakes my resolution most; besides,  
 When the French fleet shall brave the English thunder,  
 How soon a ball or bullet may decide  
 The Premier Consul's fate—must give me pause.  
 Here is the reason of my long delay  
 To execute my threat. Fear holds me back,  
 Tho' desp'rate motives urge. Else who would bear  
 Unsatisfied the strong desire I feel  
 To conquer England; desolate her towns;  
 Her bulwarks burn; and drench her plains with blood?  
 Who could endure the mortifying sight  
 Of English cruisers, impudently bold,



Blockading e'en the very ports of France,  
But that the dread of Britain's dauntless sons  
(That free unconquer'd race !) " puzzles my will,"  
And makes me rather all the dangers brave  
That hover round my present slipp'ry state  
Than heedless rush on almost certain ruin  
On hated Albion's shores ?—Thus prudence, fear,  
And policy combin'd, can change the hue  
Of Resolution ; and thus serious thought  
Can alter plans of greatest " pith and moment,"  
And make th' Invasion I so long have threatened—  
—All end in *Nothing* ! . . .

## PART III

### WHAT THE PEOPLE SANG

FROM the spring of 1803 to the summer of 1805 the newspapers were full of stories about the forthcoming invasion. Some of these reports were circulated by Napoleon as propaganda. But John Bull was not to be bluffed, or intimidated. On the contrary, he began to get impatient, and this impatience was expressed in a popular topical song—a medium very much favoured in those days for the expression of the mood of the nation :

If you mean to invade us, why make such a rout ?

I say, little Boney, why don't you come out ?

Yes, d—— you, why don't you come out ?

“ Little Boney,” however, never came out. In August, 1805, two months before Trafalgar, he was threatened by Austria and Russia. With dramatic suddenness he struck his “ invasion ” camp at Boulogne and marched into Germany. Hitler once more imitated his model when, with equally dramatic suddenness, though with greater unscrupulousness (being devoid of even the excuse of a threat), he marched into Russia, with whom he had sworn, less than two years before, eternal friendship ! Who can deny that history repeats itself ?

These topical songs sprang up in surprising profusion, particularly in London. They range from serious expressions of the people's inflexible resolve to “ conquer or die,” to outpourings of defiant ridicule at the arrogant boasts and threats of the would-be invader.

The songs provide us with a fascinating sidelight on the reaction of our forefathers. A few typical examples, with the original melodies, should prove as entertaining as they are interesting, though space permits of only the vocal outlines.

Words by  
Rev. Dr. Morgan

# I - The Victory of Fishguard

Music by  
H. Skeats

*Allegro*

(1797)

1. Rest-less Frenchmen, sail not un-der Yon-der cliffs im-pending  
height,- Cleave not yon-der waves a - sun-der With your  
boats and oars so light,- With your boats and oars so light;- These blue  
hills sus-tain a Na-tion Fam'd of yore for feats of arms, Bri-tons  
there main-tain'd their sta-tions, Nor de-clin'd the war's a -  
larms, Nor de-clin'd the war's a - larms.

The musical score is written on six staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a common time signature (C), and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The tempo is marked 'Allegro' and the year '(1797)' is indicated. The lyrics are written below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes. The melody is a single-line tune.

I.—1797 : “ *The Victory of Fishguard.* ”

From the “ Invasion ” Map it will be seen that, of the 60-odd successful but short-lived hostile landings made all around our coasts since 1066, the last attempts were made in 1798 in Northern Ireland, while the last one on the soil of Britain itself was that of 1797, in South Wales.

On 22nd February some 1,400 French soldiers—“ the scum of every jail in France ”—succeeded in landing at Llanwnda, near Fishguard, in Pembrokeshire. They were forced to surrender two days later to the ill-armed local militia under Lord Cawdor. The story goes that the invaders were frightened by the red coats and tall hats of the old Welsh women !

To mark the event a song appeared shortly afterwards, with the above title. The verses were written by a certain Rev. Dr. Morgan, “ whose countrymen ”—as the inscription on the cover of this highly interesting old song tells us—“ were forward to repel the French Invaders, who very lately made a Descent in Wales.”

I shall quote two of the verses.

*Verse 4 :*

Hark ! how strokes on strokes resounding  
Through the distant valleys ring !  
Britons, o'er the rocks rebounding,  
On their foes with ardour spring. (*Repeat.*)  
O'er the trackless sands pursuing,  
Round they deal the vengeful steel,  
Vanquish'd Frenchmen, humbly suing,  
Now before the victors kneel. (*Repeat.*)

\* \* \*

II.—1797 : “ Ward Associations.” (“ A New Song  
Written and Sung with the Greatest Applause by a  
Member of the South East District of Loyal London

# WARD ASSOCIATIONS

*A New Song—Written and Sung,  
with the greatest applause by a MEMBER of the South East District,  
OF LOYAL LONDON VOLUNTEERS,  
and respectfully DEDICATED to THEM, and every  
VOLUNTEER in GREAT BRITAIN.*

*Published by Tho: Jones & Co. — 23. Bishopsgate Street,  
where may be had every Publication in the Musical Line.*

Pr. 1<sup>s</sup>

The musical score is written for two voices (Soprano and Bass) and piano accompaniment. It consists of five systems of staves. The melody is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.

Tho' weak my strains away my fears. I see no cause for fear ing: All  
songs should be from Volunteers, In praise of Volun - teer - ing: Un -  
-skild my lay, sincere my verse, The theme with pow'r in-spires us: And  
while our duty we rehearse, With loyal ardor fires us.

Facsimile of first page of original edition (1797) of song, "Ward Associations"

## II - Ward Associations

(1797)

*Allegretto*

Tho' weak my strains, a - way my fears, I see no cause for  
 fear - ing; All songs should be from Vol - un - teers In  
 praise of Vol - un - teer - ing. Un - skill'd my lay, 'sin -  
 cere my verse, The theme with pow'r in - spires us, And  
 while our du - ty we re - hearse, With loy - al ar - dour  
 CHORUS  
 fires - us. Then ev - 'ry hand and heart com - bine, We  
 need not fear in - va - sion While bright in loy - al -  
 ty shall shine Each Ward As - so - ci - a - tion.

Volunteers, and Respectfully Dedicated to Them and every Volunteer in Great Britain.”)

This song of the “Home Guard” of the time of the Napoleonic threat will be of particular interest to-day. The tune is obviously an adaptation of the well-known old English folk-tune: “Country Gardens.” (See *facsimile* of first page of the original edition of this song.)

*Verse 2 :*

While martial ardour swells each breast,  
Remember still your duty ;  
We are not boys in tinsel dress'd  
To lure the eye of beauty.  
Tho' young in arms, in brave array,  
We well know how to place them ;  
Our heroes well have led the way,  
And we will not disgrace them.

(*Chorus*)

*Verse 3 :*

Felicity we keep in view,  
Mankind should live as brothers ;  
Let us that harmony pursue  
We wish to teach to others.  
Let conscience yield the wish'd applause  
No strife our peace suspending,  
But steadfast in one glorious cause  
Unite, our rights defending.

(*Chorus*)

*Verse 4 :*

Our neighbours long have been misled,  
For freedom vainly toiling ;  
'Tis here she proudly rears her head  
On her lov'd children smiling.  
Let us deserve her cheering smile,  
With sacred awe respect her,  
Still shall she sway her fav'rite Isle,  
We can, and will, protect her.

(*Chorus*)

### III — *Britain's Glory* (1798)

*Con. spirito*

In Fif-teen Hun-dred Eight-y Eight, Th'Ar-ma da was de-  
 feat-ed; In Six-teen Hun-dred Eight-y Eight, Our  
 Free-dom was com-plet-ed; In Seventeen Hun-dred  
 Eight-y Eight, in Pitt's ad-min-i-stra-tion, Peace,  
 plen-ty, splen-dour, wealth and weight Dif-fus'd thro'-out the  
 na-tion; In Seventeen Hun-dred Nine-ty Eight, If  
 French-men dare in-vade us, Our hearts we trust will  
 not a-bate, Nor Bon-a-parte e'er de-grade us, Our  
 hearts we trust will not a-bate, Nor Bonaparte e'er de-grade us.



*Verse 5 :*

Long may our officers possess  
 Life, liberty, and wealth too ;  
 Urg'd by that love we all profess,  
 Our King let's drink a health to.  
 The toast push round with lively zeal,  
 " With Enmity to Faction,"  
 And what our loyal bosoms feel  
 Let's show in loyal action.

*(Chorus)*

\* \* \*

*III.—1798 :* " Britain's Glory." (" In answer to the  
 Menaces of the French Directory.")

This song recalls the peculiar significance of the year '88 during the three successive centuries, 16th—18th. It was " set to music by an English officer." There is only one verse.

\* \* \*

*IV.—1798 :* " The Invasion." From the " Table Entertainment," " King and Queen," by the prolific song-writer Charles Dibdin, who, by his rousing sea-songs (including " Tom Bowling"), did much to popularize the navy which had earned a somewhat unsavoury reputation as a result of the methods of recruiting and the treatment of the men. Such is the power of the song-writer ! Dibdin lived from 1745—1814. His numerous and highly successful dramatic pieces include a series of " Table Entertainments," of which he was author, composer, singer, narrator, *and* accompanist !

The song gives a diverting and contemptuous account of the lurid stories that were being circulated about the fearsome " secret weapons " the French were said to have prepared for their Grand Attempt : stories which were for the most part expressly spread by Napoleon in his " war of nerves."

# IV- *The Invasion* (1798)

Charles Dibdin

*Allegro*

The French are all coming, for so they de - clare. Of their  
floats and bal - loons all the pa - pers ad - vise us They're to  
swim thro' the o - cean, and ride on the air, — In  
some fog - gy eve - ning to land and sur - prise us. Their  
ar - my's to come and plant li - ber - ty's tree, Gild the Arm - y of  
England — what match - less pre - sumption! — Let them come: those who  
meet not with a - gues at sea Will on shore first get  
fevers, and then a con - sumption, and then a con - sumption.

**CHORUS**

Poor fools! by the fin - ger of fate they're in - vi - ted For our  
free - dom and laws. Come on! come on! come on! in this  
cause They no longer are Britons, no longer are Britons, no  
longer are Britons who are not u - nited

How like our present position, you will agree ! How like the methods of the Boney—I mean, Bogey—of Berchtesgaden !

The verses are long, but I think worth quoting in full :

*Verse 2 :*

The old women and children report such strange things  
Of their grand preparations, their routs, and their rackets ;  
One army, they tell us, is furnish'd with wings,  
And another's accoutr'd, they say, in cork jackets.  
Well, so much the better, their luck let 'em try,  
Come here how they will, we shall damnably nim<sup>1</sup> 'em.  
'Tain't the first time, my lady, we have made the French fly,  
And as for their jackets, we'll curiously trim 'em.

(*Chorus*)

*Verse 3 :*

Then they'll fasten a rope from the land's end to France,  
On which, when their wonderful project's grown riper,  
They'll all to the tune of the *carmagnole*<sup>2</sup> dance,  
Determined to make Jack Rosbiff pay the piper.  
But let 'em take care we don't come athwart hawse :<sup>3</sup>  
If we should, they'll just fancy the devil has got 'em,  
For they'll get from their horses so decent a toss  
That, capsized, will soon send them a dance to the bottom.

(*Chorus*)

*Verse 4 :*

Yet who knows how far their mad liberty scheme  
May succeed (of man's wrongs the supposed panacea) ?  
They have often come here, killed us all—in a dream—  
And afterwards eat us all up—in idea.  
And let 'em dream on that they're cutting our throats,  
Till, devoted to danger they're little aware on,  
They wake from their sleep, change their flat-bottom'd boats  
For a voyage o'er the Styx in the boat of old Charon.<sup>4</sup>

(*Chorus*)

<sup>1</sup> Nim : Archaic for *take possession of*.

<sup>2</sup> *Carmagnole* : Song and dance among French revolutionaries of 1793.

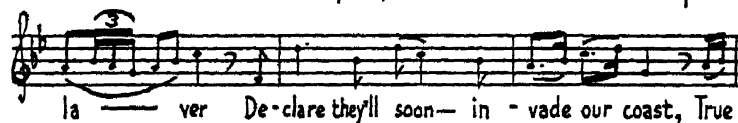
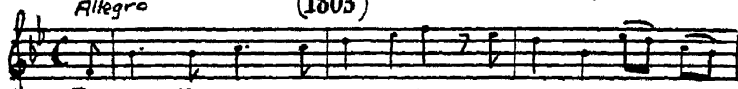
<sup>3</sup> To come athwart hawse : Nautical expression meaning "To come across the stem of another ship at anchor."

<sup>4</sup> In classical mythology, Charon, son of Erebus, had the duty of ferrying the souls of the dead over the waters of the Styx (the chief river of the underworld) and Acheron to the infernal regions, receiving an *obolus* for each ferrying. Hence the old Roman custom of putting an *obolus* into the mouth of a corpse before interment.

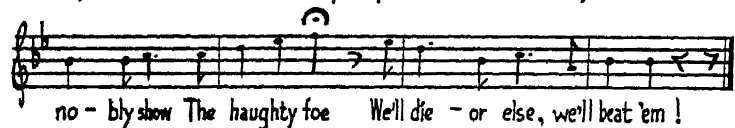
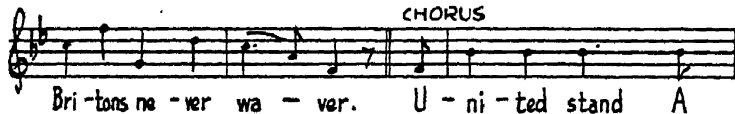
Y- *Invasion!*  
(1803)

Music by  
W. Repmah.

**Allegro**



## CHORUS



*Verse 5 :*

But jesting apart, we their pride must chastise,  
 Though we'd no other hold on our hearts and our duty  
 Than their insolent boast that they'll seize as their prize,  
 In their purse English gold, in their arms English beauty.  
 English beauty for them ! The infernals scaled heaven,  
 That soon hurl'd to their fate their audacious malignity ;  
 So shall they, to their fate by a virtuous frown driven,  
 Own the females of Britain possess British dignity.

*(Chorus)*

\* \* \*

*V.—1803 :* “ Invasion ! ” (“ A Song for 1803 ”),  
 expresses the “ conquer or die ” spirit of the people.  
 It was written by W. Repmah.

*Verse 2 :*

What tho' upon a mighty Raft  
 Their meagre troops assemble,  
 Our tars shall rake it fore and aft,  
 And make the bravest tremble.  
 The roaring guns  
 Of Neptune's sons  
 Shall, loudly thund'ring, greet 'em,  
 And nobly show  
 The haughty foe  
 We'll die—or else, we'll beat 'em !

*Verse 3 :*

Or should they try their Grand Balloon  
 And soar as high as larks can,  
 Our musquets shall convince them soon  
 John Bull's a knowing marksman.  
 Tho' hov'ring o'er  
 Old Albion's shore  
 In thousands, yet we'll meet 'em,  
 And nobly show (*etc.*).

*Verse 4 :*

They say they'll brave the foaming deep  
 And dive—poor John to slaughter ;  
 From this 'tis plain they cannot keep  
 Their heads above the water.

## WE LAUGHED AT BONEY

But let them dare,  
By Sea or Air,  
Invade—we'll warmly treat 'em,  
And nobly show (*etc.*).

Our forefathers, you will note, had also to contend with the threat of invasion by air. Notwithstanding the novelty of this aspect of their danger, they still showed they could defiantly rise to the occasion—though the Grand Balloons could not. See the reproduction of the print of the "Grand Balloon," intended to carry Napoleon's "Parachute Troops" for the much-heralded "Descent on England." Published in Paris "in the 11th year [of the Revolution]"—1803—it shows a fantastic design for a Montgolfier balloon capable of conveying 3,000 men, with horses, across the Channel. The flame from the lamp suspended beneath is stated to have sufficient heat "*pour empêcher le refroidissement*" ("to prevent cooling").

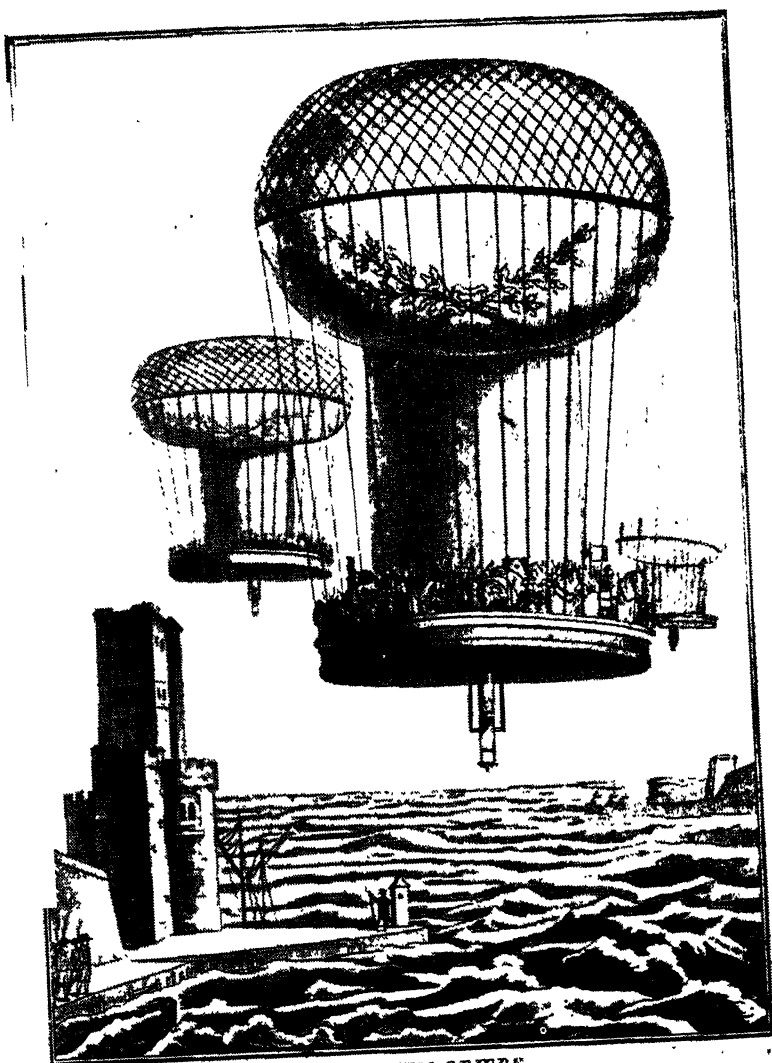
A bonnie feat of Boney's imagination!

Incidentally, it is apposite to recall Napoleon's statement to the Directory on 28th February, 1798, after carrying out a tour of inspection of his "invasion bases" along the coast:

"To make a descent upon England without being master of the sea is the boldest and most difficult operation imaginable."

The project was therefore postponed—whether feasible or not—and finally abandoned after Trafalgar.

The prints of Napoleon's "mighty Raft," also alluded to in the above song, offer another striking illustration of his abortive invasion plans, which were upset by Britain's continued command of the seas. The one reproduced is from a rare print of the St. Malo roads, showing the great raft—a highly fanciful conception of a monster "invasion barge"—"600 feet long and 300



LA THILORIERE

# DESCENTE EN ANGLETERRE

*Projet d'une Montgolfiere, capable d'elever 3,000 Hommes et qui ne aura que 300,000 Mètres....  
 avec suspendre une ligne qui portera une cage de Ferme suffisante pour empêcher le refroidissement...  
 Extraits des Publications du Journal 15 Février de l'An XI.*

*A Paris, chez Bouchard, Rue St Louis N° 278. An 11.*

The "Grand Balloon"





broad, mounts 500 pieces of cannon, 36 and 48 pounders, and is to convey 15,000 troops, etc.", with French troops embarking.

Certainly a brilliant piece of wishful thinking on the part of the resourceful Bonaparte.

A companion broadsheet exhorted the citizens to "Prepare then to meet this powerful and implacable foe. Lose not a moment." The key below the print refers to :

- " 1.—The Grand Citadel, Bomb-proof ;
  - 2.—The Entrance into Do. ;
  - 3.—Windmills, with horizontal sails, to turn water-wheels to navigate the Raft to any point of the Compass, assisted also by a number of Sweeps, or large Oars ;
  - 4.—Places Bomb-proof, in case the Windmills should be shot away, or damaged : to work the water-wheels by Horses ;
  - 5.—Draw bridges, at each end, to embark and land the Troops, Horses, Cannon, etc., etc."
- (See illustration.)

\* \* \*

VI.—1803 : "*A Hundred to One*" (or, "The Odds Against Bonaparte"), set to music by John Davy (1763–1824), who wrote the well-known song, "*Bay of Biscay*". In verse 3, a cordial invitation is extended to Boney to come over, but assures him of the kind of welcome he will receive.

*Verse 2 :*

Now for once the Chief Consul speaks truth, I confess,  
 Tho' it seldom has happen'd before,  
 For than him no one living adheres to truth less,  
 Or falsehood and perfidy more.  
 He declares to his slaves thro' the Gallic domain,  
 "Single-handed" we never can beat 'em,

# VI - "A Hundred To One" John Davy (1803)

*Maestoso*

Since the Gal-lic Am-bas-sa-dor's ta-ken French leave, And re-  
turn'd in high dudgeon to France, At the loss of one Frenchman we  
never will grieve, Tho' we care not how ma-ny ad-vance As  
war is their fancy, why, let 'em come on, And at-tempt their long threaten'd in-  
vasion. To arms, then! To arms! ev-ry Briton's brave son, Can we  
arm, can we arm on a bet-ter occasion? To arms, then! To arms, ev-ry  
Briton's brave son, Can we arm on a better oc-casion?

*Allegretto*

Bon-a-parte has confess'd 'tis "a hundred to one" Britain's tars will not let him come  
over, Let him try, should he dare, But he'd better be ware, For  
should he elude 'em, She's many a brave son Who will warmly re-ceive him at  
Dover, will warmly re-ceive him at Dover, will  
warm-ly re-ceive him, re-ceive him at Do-ver

But we've prov'd the boast false, and we'll prove it again,  
As often, as often as Nelson can meet 'em.

But we've prov'd, (*etc.*)

Still the Corsican owns, 'tis "A Hundred to One,"<sup>1</sup>

Britain's tars will not let him come over, (*etc.*).

*Verse 3 :*

Then collect, Bonaparte, all the troops you can bring,

And invade us at once if you can,

But remember, we're true to our country and King,

We are loyal and brave to a man.

We invite you to come, and we'll soon let you know

When insulted, what Britons can do,

For we always were ready at facing our foe,

And are anxious to meet him, to meet him in you.

For we always (*etc.*),

Then huzza ! my brave boys, 'tis "A Hundred to One"  
(*etc.*)

That's the spirit ! And that was the spirit which  
finally whisked Boney off to St. Helena. . . .

I wonder if they have got the decorators in for the  
new tenant ? But for Boney's successor that will, of  
course, be superfluous.

\* \* \*

VII.—1803 : "A Welcome to the French," from Charles  
Dibdin's operetta, "Britons Strike Home." This  
song embodies a similar invitation and assurance,  
issued this time, it seems, from Ireland.

*Verse 2 :*

Is it mad that the French are ? But, honey, be asy,

Fait' and conscience ! dey're not only mad but dey're crazy ;

And as larned physicians, long life to ensure 'em,

Prescribe bleeding to madmen to kill or to cure 'em,

So prepar'd well to physic their whole commonwealth,

We'll bleed 'em to death for the good of their health.

Come on, (*etc.*)

<sup>1</sup> The allusion is to the curious confession Napoleon had made concerning the chances of his invasion succeeding :

"The chances are a hundred to one that I myself and the greater part of the expedition will go to the bottom of the sea."

Nevertheless, he was determined on the attempt.

# VII - A Welcome to the French (1803) Charles Dibdin

*Allegretto*

1. Since u - nited we are, one and all, hand and heart, And our  
 union nor French nor the de - vil can part, Come  
 on, plagues of E - gypt and lean kine of Pharaoh, The  
 Irish shel-a-ly,<sup>①</sup> Scotch Andrew ferara,<sup>②</sup> And English oak-towel shall  
 bod - der your breath, With a hug so fra - ter - nal 'twill hug you to death.

**CHORUS**

Come on, thick as locusts and swarms of mus - ka - toes, Since we're  
 one band of brothers and true to our troth: You're welcome, Mounseers, to the  
 land of potatoes, You're welcome, Mounseers, to the land of potatoes, You're  
 welcome, Mounseers, to the land of po - ta - toes, Roast -  
 beef and plum - pudding and Scotch barley - broth.

① shelaly: obsolete form of shillelagh, an Irish cudgel of blackthorn or oak.

② Andrew ferara: or, Andrea Ferrara, a Scottish broadsword.

## Verse 4 :

We're in arms, little Boney, and as for the rest,  
 Fait' ! when we're in arnest we're not used to jest ;  
 Besides, were a bridge built from Calais to Dover,  
 The devil a Frenchman alive should come over.  
 Then turn, men and good Christians, repenting what's past,  
 Or the very first word that you speak is your last.  
 Come on, (*etc.*)

\* \* \*

VIII.—1805 : “ *The Boys of Britain* ” (“ A National Song ”), by Thomas Dibdin (1771–1841), son of Charles Dibdin. Like his father, he wrote numerous operettas and songs. This is a jolly, rollicking, straight-from-the-shoulder ditty, with a polite hint to those people in this country not entirely in sympathy with the common cause. The tune is a rendering of “ Green Grow the Rashes, O.”

## Verse 2 :

Soon our lads would let 'em see  
 Their laurels here would take no root,  
 And that their new Imperial Tree  
 Would only bring 'em bitter fruit.  
 Back again we'd make 'em dance,  
 British lads would spoil their joke,  
 And show them all the trees in France  
 Must yield to sturdy English Oak.  
 Sing tol, lol, (*etc.*)

## Verse 3 :

Long life to our British boys,  
 Long life to him whose cause they own,  
 And may we, spite of Boney's voice,  
 Support our Sov'reign on his throne.  
 And as for those who like him not,  
 I wish that they all were, to a man,  
 Oblig'd to leave this happy spot  
 And find a better—if they can.  
 Sing tol, lol, (*etc.*)

\* \* \*

# VIII - *The Boys of Britain* (1805)

Words by  
Thomas Dibdin

*Smartly*

1. let the Frenchmen make a noise, And brag as if they  
all were mad, We still have got some jol-ly boys To  
make the mer-ry Moun-seers sad. O'er the wa-ter  
let 'em come, And we'll make 'em change their tune,  
Bang their bodies like a drum, And kick 'em to the

**CHORUS**

de - vil soon. Sing tol, lol de rid - dle lol, de  
tol, lol de rid - dle lol, de tol de rol lol,  
tol de rol tol, fol de rol de rid - dle lol.

IX.—1805 : “ *John Bull Can Bear No Longer* ” (or, “ *The Invasion All A Farce* ”), written “ in *Dialogue à la Grotesque* ” by Richard Taylor, who is described on the original publication as “ A Freeman of Chester.”

Napoleon’s constantly reiterated threats of invasion from 1803–5 eventually exhausted the patience of the people of these islands, who, their preparations long since completed, had begun to welcome the prospect of getting to grips with the enemy here. This attractive song expresses their defiance and contempt in quaint fashion. Since the mountain would not come to Mahomet, John Bull, “ worn out with expectation, and waiting year by year,” could finally “ bear no longer,” and so decided it was high time for him to go and “ seek the Gallic foe ” instead.

*Verse 2 :*

Worn out with expectation,  
And waiting year by year  
To see de grande great nation  
That put the world in fear—  
John Bull can bear no longer,  
But bids his armies go,  
Not roaring lions stronger,  
To seek the Gallic foe.

(*Chorus*) : Cross the sea ! Fire away !  
Johnny glories in the day.

*Verse 3 :*

Now o’er Iberia’s region,  
And thro’ the Land of Wine,  
Each gallant British legion  
In fame’s record shall shine.  
Then tremble, tremble, Boney,  
To think what soon shall be,  
Thou durst not come to Johnny,  
But Johnny comes to thee !

(*Chorus*) : Cross the sea ! Fire away !  
Britons triumph in the day !

\* \* \*

# IX - John Bull Can Bear No Longer

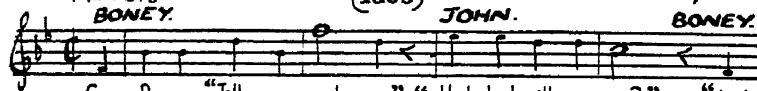
(1805)

Richard Taylor

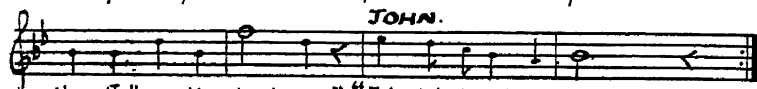
Martially  
BONEY.

JOHN.

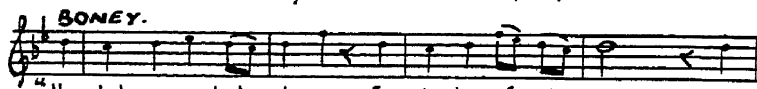
BONEY.



1. Says Boney "I'll in-vade you." "Ha! ha! will you so?" - "And



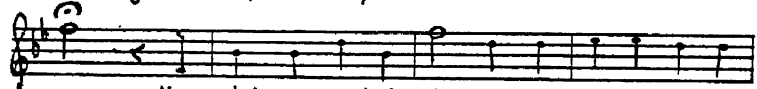
then 'I'll cap-tive lead you "Fol, lol de rol, no, no!"



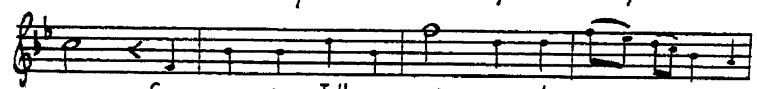
"Now, Johnny, mind what I say, For truly if I can, Some



morning I'll sur-prise — you, as sure as man is



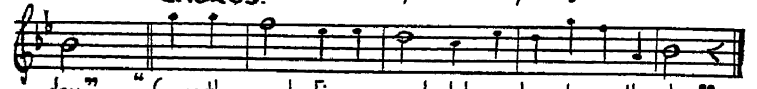
man. Now, Johnny, mind what I say, For truly if I



can, Some morning I'll sur-prise you, As sure as man is



man." "Cross the sea! Fire a-way! Johnny longs to see the



day." "Cross the sea! Fire a-way! Johnny longs to see the day."



Lastly, in view of Hitler's sudden and treacherous decision to follow in his predecessor's footsteps by marching into Russia, the following song, published in Falkirk in 1813, after Napoleon had tasted the bitter fruits of his Russian adventure, has an intense topicality to-day. Though not written in humorous vein, the song, which (like song No. VIII) is set to the tune of "Green Grow the Rashes, O," recounts graphically the reception that that Tyrant and his Grand Army received at the hands of "Russia's hardy sons."

Though long, I think the song deserves to be given in full :

X.—1813 : "*Bonaparte's Retreat from Moscow.*"

*Verse 2 :*

But Russia's hardy sons resolv'd  
To save their country, or to die,  
And arm'd themselves, like patriots,  
To meet their haughty enemy.  
The Russian king to Britain look'd  
For counsel, which he'd act upon ;  
And campaign plans were soon laid down  
By gallant Gen'ral Wellington.  
Now let us pray (*etc.*).

*Verse 3 :*

The Tyrant with his hosts advanc'd,  
While vict'ry on him seem'd to flow ;  
Tho' twenty thousand men he lost  
Before the town of Smolensko.  
The Russians, faithful to their plans,  
Allow'd him further on to go,  
Until a bloody check he got  
At the battle of Borodino.

(*Refrain*)

*Verse 4 :*

Three days that battle's fury rag'd ;  
At length his weaken'd ranks recoil,  
And forty thousand of his men  
Lay bleeding on the Russian soil.

X- *Bonaparte's Retreat from Moscow*  
(1813)

(1913)

*Allegretto*

1. Let <sup>1</sup>suff-<sup>2</sup>ring Europe lift her head, Proud Bon-a-part<sup>3</sup>e is

hum-bl'd now, His routed legions flee-ing are Be-

fore brave Gen - 'ral Ku - tu - sow. Three hundred thousand

conscript youths The base u - sur - per forc'd from home, And

marched them many hundred miles To spoil the Russians

**REFRAIN**

of their own. Now let us pray that soon we'll see - Of

meek-eyed Peace the cheering ray, And that the dire-ful

strife of war May cease, till earth dis-solves a-way.

But being quickly reinforc'd,  
He straight to Moscow bent his way ;  
The Russians, weaken'd by their loss,  
Could not well then his progress stay.  
(Refrain)

*Verse 5 :*

But still resolv'd he should not get  
Moscow in all its ancient pride,  
They burn'd it to the ground, and left  
A heap of calcin'd ruins wide !  
Of winter quarters thus depriv'd,  
The Corsican was fairly foil'd,  
For no resource he now had left  
But to steal back thro' dreary wild.  
(Refrain)

*Verse 6 :*

The bitter Russian winter cold  
With icy fangs held all things fast,  
While robust natives keep the field  
Regardless of the Northern blast.  
O, hapless men ! by despot doom'd  
To wander thro' the Russias drear,  
Or perish in the chilling snows,  
Far, far from home, and all that's dear !  
(Refrain)

*Verse 7 :*

The mis'ries that are fallen on  
The humbl'd Tyrant's wretched crew  
Distress the feeling heart to tell,  
And Nature sickens at the view !  
His horse in thousands daily die !  
His men their lives to hunger yield !  
Or, quite benumb'd with polar frost,  
Expire upon the snow-clad field !  
(Refrain)

*Verse 8 :*

The roads are strew'd with waggons, guns,  
And implements that war do wage,  
And slaughter'd men—a wretched prey  
To Cossacks' unrelenting rage !

To Poland bleak he shap'd his course,  
Close hunted by the Cossack band  
Who nobly strove to cut him off,  
And to arrest his bloody hand.

*(Refrain)*

*Verse 9 :*

But in disguise and sad dismay,  
The Gallic Chief to Paris fled,  
Unmindful of the wretched men  
He'd onward to destruction led.  
His num'rous army, once so gay,  
In captive chains now long may pine,  
And linger out a joyless life  
Within Siberia's barren clime.

*(Refrain)*

*Verse 10 :*

O, Bonaparte, thou greatest scourge  
That Europe's nations ever saw !  
Thy wicked reign seems nigh an end,  
A reign that spurn'd at ev'ry law !  
The waste of human life thou'st made,  
The widows and the orphans too,  
Thy mem'ry's bloody stain shall stand,  
A stain time cannot blot from view !

*(Refrain)*

## PART IV

### CARICATURES

**A** PART from the historical analogy which they "serve so well to illustrate, admirers of what is probably the greatest period of English caricature will find amusement in the *facsimiles* included here of some typical political cartoons of the time, chosen from the fascinating collection of "Invasion" prints in the Bodleian Library, Oxford.

Thanks to the cunning art of such masters as James Gillray, Thomas Rowlandson, Isaac Cruikshank (father of the immortal Dickens illustrator<sup>1</sup>), and others, a magnificent series of coloured prints—predecessors in a more lively form of our modern newspaper cartoons—filled the windows of the famous print-shops in St. James's, Piccadilly, the Strand, and also Dublin and elsewhere, lending eloquent voice to the nation's defiance of the "Corsican Ogre." These prints dealt with every aspect of the matter, from real or imaginary sketches of the awe-inspiring invasion-rafts said to have been constructed by the French, to gently satirical portraits of the Volunteers, the "Home Guard" of the period. Hired out in portfolios for the evening by some of the more enterprising London booksellers, they were in great demand at the Clubs, and formed the chief amusement, if not instruction, of the evening parties of the time.

The typical cartoon of those days shows an exchange of pointed remarks between John Bull and Little Boney, each standing on his own coast, separated by a strip of the English Channel. As a rule, there is little or no

<sup>1</sup>His celebrated son George was not old enough to make the power of his pencil felt until a few years later, though he did actually produce his first caricature towards the end of 1805, at the tender age of 13! This was a remarkable effort, entitled, "Boney beating Mack, and Nelson giving him a Whack!" which shows no trace of immaturity.

subtlety in the treatment of the cartoons, but their effectiveness is greatly enhanced by the broad designs and delightful colouring. Unfortunately, present conditions preclude the possibility of reproducing the caricatures here in their original colours.

So effective, indeed, was the propaganda value of these cartoons, that their force was felt all over Europe. They were reproduced in Spain, and spread even as far afield as Russia—in those days very much at the back of beyond—where the power of the English cartoonists did much to convey to the reading public the spirit of British resistance to the Tyrant. Incidentally, when Napoleon turned the full fury of his might, some eight or nine years later, against Russia, the people of that country showed how well they could emulate our example. And the cartoonists—in Russia as well as in Britain—also demonstrated how admirably they could wield the pen as well as the sword. Two examples of the latter cartoons are reproduced here, one of which is an English engraving of an eloquent Russian effort.

It has been said that Napoleon was more extensively caricatured than any other man who ever lived. Indeed, so much in demand has “Boney” been as a subject for representation in art, serious or satirical, that it was estimated by a celebrated Paris connoisseur of the early part of the present century that his finely-chiselled features had appeared in pictures, prints, miniatures, medallions and models no fewer than 80,000 times! A colossal figure, you will agree, in keeping with the extent to which he disturbed the peace of the world during his lifetime. This total, as a matter of fact, would have been far greater if he had figured much in French caricatures. But during the period of the Consulate and the Empire, comic sketches of the autocrat were forbidden, being punishable as *lèse majesté*.

*A Necessary Preliminary*



*A Snow Globe*



*A Thing to be attended to*



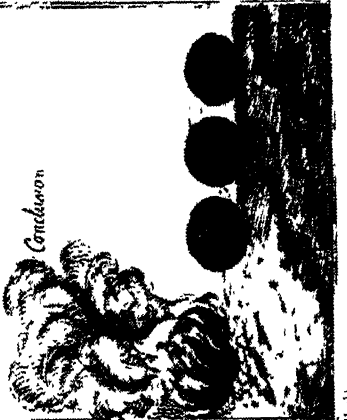
*Place in Danger*



*Part of the Manual Exercise*



*Conclusion*



*PUZZLES FOR VOLUNTEERS!!*

THE FRENCH FLEET sailing into the Mouth of the THAMES!!!





We can scarcely exaggerate the importance of the caricatures produced by these "Low's" of the period, as stimulants of that overpowering outburst of patriotic feeling which induced our forefathers to make such sacrifices, first in defence of our shores, and afterwards in bringing about the final downfall of the megalomaniac who had enslaved the greater part of Europe and sought to dominate the whole world. The age in which these masters of caricature lived and laboured was one which took their art seriously.

Charles Dibdin, the most prolific song-writer of the time (two of whose stirring patriotic songs are included in the preceding part of the book) claimed a similar influence for his songs. He was, moreover, sufficiently worldly-wise to reap the full material rewards of his genius.

The effect produced on the crowds which thronged the pavement in front of the celebrated print-shops was perhaps more lasting than that which followed the singing of a rousing chorus by Dibdin, or the perusal of one of the patriotic broadsheets, or posters, that were issued in tens of thousands by such firms as Asperne, Hatchard (the latter happily still going strong), and Ginger, and distributed far and wide by every conceivable means. Propaganda had reached a high level of development and efficiency, long before "that Gabby man," Herr Doktor Josef Goebbels, arrived on the scene to give it the peculiar twist of his warped mind.

The songs of Charles Dibdin, and the caricatures of James Gillray—the greatest of all the Napoleonic caricaturists—were highly esteemed by Pitt at that critical period in the history of our country, and of the world. Indeed, between these two masters of the sister arts, they achieved results rarely accomplished by such slight means. They stimulated waverers, encouraged the loyal, and enlisted fresh recruits. We owe to this universal language

of picture, together with the lyric pen and loyal sing-song of Dibdin, much of that resurgent spirit of patriotism among the common people which ultimately saved our country from invasion. Such is the power of song and picture when used for propaganda purposes by master practitioners !

It was Gillray who established the popular slogan that "one Englishman was worth at least three frog-eating 'Mounseers'." <sup>1</sup> His greatest triumph, however, was possibly his invention of the lasting *sobriquet* of "Little Boney," which stuck to Napoleon till his dying day. Gillray was truly "an exciter and disturber of patriotic fibres," and so great was his contribution to the ultimate success of the great cause, that a noted Dutch critic some years ago expressed his recognition of the fact by claiming for him "a niche by the side of Nelson."

Here are six typical specimens of "Invasion" caricatures. They were published in London during the year 1803, when the scare of imminent invasion was at its height. One can gather some impression of the effect which Napoleon's threat of 1803-5 had on our forefathers from the fact that this period was known at the time as "The Terror."

I.—"Puzzles for Volunteers!!"

Propaganda with a popular thought-provoking punch—and a special appeal to the "Home Guard" of the time. I may possibly have succeeded in unravelling the first three :

- (i) "A Necessary Preliminary" :—Attention.
- (ii) "A Serious Attack" :—Bombardment.
- (iii) "A Thing to be Attended to" :—Foresight (of a rifle) ; or, perhaps, Forces (4 "Sees") ?

<sup>1</sup> The then popular Anglicised form of *Messieurs*, often used in the popular patriotic songs of the time (see songs No. VII, verse i, and No. VIII, verse i).



Alas! Look at that  
poor wretch!!!

The Ghost of Queen Elizabeth!!

Doubtless some of my readers, particularly those in the Forces and the Home Guard, with a greater flair for crossword puzzles and the like, will succeed in solving the others.

\* \* \*

2.—“ *French Volunteers Marching to the Conquest of Great Britain.*”

This eloquent and amusing cartoon speaks for itself. Its subtle appeal is to the British Volunteer movement, to which it is “dedicated by an Eye-Witness.” (See page 129)

\* \* \*

3.—“ *The French Fleet Sailing into the Mouth of the Thames ! ! !*”

This characteristically symbolical effort also speaks for itself. “The best-laid schemes o’ mice an’ men gang aft agley”—and Boney looks on, if not exactly speechless, certainly horror-struck.

\* \* \*

4.—“ *The Ghost of Queen Elizabeth ! !*”

The shade of Good Queen Bess is shown dramatically reminding “The Monster” what happened to the Spanish Armada.

“Monster,” she says, “look at that and tremble ! ! !”

And the reminder seems to have the desired effect. The cartoon was to prove prophetic two years later, at Trafalgar.

\* \* \*

5.—“ *Selling the Skin before the Bear is Caught ; or, Cutting up the Bull before he is Killed.*”

Illustrating Bonaparte’s childish bombastic “prophecies” and arrogant threats, this excellent example of the concrete symbolism of the caricaturist’s art was published on 24th December, 1803. Napoleon is represented as a hopeful “gourmet” pointing to the

recumbent but watchful British Bull, and saying to his Foreign Minister, Talleyrand :

"I shall take the Middle part, because it contains the Heart and Vitals ; Talley, you may take the Head because you have been accustomed [note the naïvely corrected artist's slip] to take the Bull by the Horns."

"Talley" does not seem to dispute his master's flattering dispensation.

Each of his other two henchmen, however, demands his fair share. Declares one :

"Me will take so much as ever me can get."

The other (whose accent appears to have been somewhat inferior) hopefully adds :

"And me vill take all de rest."

Meanwhile, Britannia stands patiently on the alert by the British Bull, sounding the bell of "British Valor" at the "Alarm Post." Her sentiments were added in ink at some later date, after the caricature had left the printers.

"When those Mounseers have settled their plans," she quietly says to herself, "I will just loose the Bull and then see who will be cut up first."

In the right background we catch a glimpse of the British Navy on the alert, while the British farmer continues to plough his fields.

A truly eloquent tribute to British calm in the face of danger. . . .

\* \* \*

#### 6.—"The Last Step over the Globe!!"

As to-day, the would-be Invader hoped to exploit the traditional hostility of the Irish towards the English. But he was foiled. Pat realized, only too well, that John Bull's danger was also his own. It is to be hoped his modern counterpart proves equally wise—and in time. . . .

In the cartoon, Pat is seen greeting John, while the

me will take so much  
as ever me can get.  
(  
If me will take all )  
so not

I shall take the middle part  
because it contains the heart  
& Vitals, Tally you may take the  
head because you have been accustomed  
to take the Bull by the Horns.



Telling the Skin before the Bear is caught or cultra up the Bull where he is killed.

*Byrt Patrick.  
Brother Bull, now we have got  
rid of that great little Monster,  
we have nothing to trouble us.*

*I know it is not true  
Brother Bull, we  
should thank him.*



Ireland

Great Britain

Conquered  
Countries

*There is but one more step to be taken to complete the conquest of the world.*  
**The Last Step over the Globe!!**

common enemy seems to be in rather a hole after having apparently attempted his invasion of England.

"By St. Patrick, Brother Bull," says Pat, "now we have got rid of that great little Monster, we have nothing to trouble us!"

And "Brother Bull" replies :

"I knew if he stept there, Brother Pat, we should finish him."

\* \* \*

During the month of October, 1803, Napoleon's energies were almost entirely directed towards his preparations for the invasion of these islands. From the 6th of this month till well into November, he made various tours of inspection of his shipyards, concentrations of invasion-boats, and his Army of England encamped at Boulogne. Excitement in England was now at fever height. The young poet Wordsworth, anticipating a victory over the invaders on our shores, wrote at that time, certainly somewhat prematurely :

Shout, for a mighty victory is won !  
On British ground the invaders are laid low :  
The breath of Heaven has drifted them like snow,  
And left them lying in the silent sun  
Never to rise again ! The work is done. . . .

One of the last of the invasion caricatures of this eventful year was "Bone-a-part in a Fresh Place." Napoleon is shown with one foot in a ship, while the other is caught firmly in a spring-gun on shore. He offers his sword with his right hand to John Bull, exclaiming :

"Here, take this, Mr. Bull ; you have me in your power. I must trust to your usual generosity, and most humbly acknowledge I am truly sorry that ever I came here."



In reply, John Bull says to himself :

"He has plundered most of his neighbours' gardens, but I thought he would be sorry if ever he set his foot in mine. I suppose the big sword is what he intended to cut my cabbages with, and perhaps my head off too ! But I'll have it for a pruning-knife. 'Twill serve me to lop off his branches with if any should spring up after I have taken care of him."

To the right is indicated the continent of Europe, inscribed : "France ruined," "Italy plundered," "Switzerland enslaved," etc.

Prophecy in pictorial satire is no uncommon gift of the caricaturist. Twelve years later, Napoleon was indeed to pen his historic letter to the Prince Regent, "trusting to the usual generosity of the British people." This is what he actually wrote on 15th July, 1815 :

"Exposed to the factions which distract my country and to the enmity of the greatest powers of Europe, I have closed my political career, and I come, like Themistocles,<sup>1</sup> to throw myself upon the hospitality of the British people. I put myself under the protection of their laws, which I claim from Your Royal Highness, as the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my enemies."

The sequel was, of course, common knowledge in our nursery days : how he was taken on board the *Bellerophon* and conveyed to England, but, not being allowed to land—much to the surprise and mortification of the humbled but still hopeful captive—he was then shipped, protesting violently, to the lonely island of Saint Helena.

<sup>1</sup>As Dr. J. H. Rose comments in his monumental "Life of Napoleon I" (George Bell & Sons, 1903) :

"Napoleon's reference to Themistocles has been much admired. But why ? The Athenian statesman was found to have intrigued with Persia against Athens in time of peace ; he fled to the Persian monarch and was richly rewarded as a *renegade*. No simile could have been less felicitous."

It is instructive to describe one or two of the caricatures that were inspired by Napoleon's trip on the *Bellerophon*. On 25th July—exactly ten days after Boney had stepped on board—a caricature was published in London entitled : “Complements [*sic*] and Congees ; or, Little Boney's Surrender to the Tars of Old England.” It is difficult to understand how news of what had happened could have reached London in time, though carrier-pigeon, a method already in use by the Rothschilds, might have been the medium employed. We see Napoleon attended by his suite, who cry effusively, “*Vive les Anglais !*” boarding the *Bellerophon*, on the deck of which Captain Maitland is waiting to receive him. (As a point of historical interest, when Napoleon left the French brig, *Epervier*, he was greeted with the last cheers of “*Vive l'Empereur !*”—cheers that died away almost as a wail as his boat drew near to the *Bellerophon*.) But to continue with the caricature : the crafty captive addresses John Bull :

“Oh, Mr. Bull,” he says, “I am so happy to see you. I always had a great regard for the British sailors. They are such noble fellows, so brave, so generous ! You see, I'm in a great deal of trouble, but I hope you will take pity on me and my suite, namely, my Barber, my Cook, and my Washerwoman, together with a few of my *brave* generals who ran away with me from the Battle of Waterloo, and I do assure you we all feel great *pleasure* to the good old English. I should feel extremely obliged if you would take us to America, but if you will not, I beg you will take us to England, for I hate those bears and cursed Cossacks. And as for the French nation now, why, they may be d——d. Old England for ever, I say !”

The Captain replies :

“Indeed, Mr. Boney, I am greatly obliged to you for

your compliments, and I assure you I am as happy to receive you as you are to surrender. I'm afraid they will not take that care of you in America that they would in England. Therefore I shall conduct you to the latter place as quick as possible."

Three sailors in the background regard the prisoner, their bitter memories too fresh for friendliness. The first says :

"I say, Jack, do you think they will clap him in Exeter Change amongst the wild beasts ? "

His messmate replies :

"No ! I suppose as how he will be put in the monkey's den in the Tower, or else they will send him about with a dancing bear."

The third says :

"My eyes, what a sneaking hound he is ! "

In another caricature published during the same month, Napoleon is portrayed as a suppliant, kneeling, hat in hand, at the prow of the good ship *Bellerophon*. His historic letter to the Prince Regent lies under his knees. John Bull, in spectacles (a most unusual accessory), looks at him sternly, resting his hand on a huge oak-staff. In the background there are glimpses of various countries faintly indicated as "France," "Port Jackson," and "Saint Helena."

The suppliant says :

"Oh, good Mr. Bull, I wish you to know  
(Although you are my greatest foe)  
That my career is at an end,  
And I wish you now to stand my Friend.  
For though at the Battle of Waterloo  
I was by you beat black and blue,  
Yet you see I wish to live with you,  
For I'm sure what is said of your goodness is true.  
And now if in England you'll let me remain,  
I ne'er will be guilty of bad tricks again."

But the crafty Nappy had made the fatal mistake, once again, of underestimating his man. "Those mad English" was still, apparently, his opinion of his "most powerful foe"—as it still is, evidently, in the case of a few gentlemen across the Channel. Just as another and later visitor, Mr. Rudolf Hess, received a nasty shock to his hopes, so was Boney to be bitterly disappointed. John Bull replies :

"Let me see! First of all, you sprang from the *Island of Corsica*, and when you were kicked out of France and went to the *Island of Elba* you made another spring into France again, and now when you are kicked out of France a second time you want to come and live in my island."

We can almost see him smiling grimly as he slowly shakes his head.

"But it won't do, Master Boney," he concludes. "You'll be making another spring into France again, I suppose. So I tell you what, I'll send you to the Island of St. Helena, and we'll see what sort of a spring you will make then."

Truly it was a case of "How are the mighty fallen!" As Byron wrote at the time, in more serious vein :

The Desolator desolate,  
The Victor overthrown !  
The arbiter of others' fate  
A suppliant for his own !  
Is it some yet imperial hope  
That with such change can calmly cope ?  
Or dread of death alone ?  
To die a prince—or live a slave—  
Thy choice is most ignobly brave.

We know that Napoleon did indeed live in hope—to the end of his dreary exile—hope of escape and renewed power. . . .

A devastating dialogue occurs in another effort on the same theme by George Cruikshank, which appeared on 1st September, entitled "Napoleon's Trip from Elba to Paris, and from Paris to St. Helena." Napoleon is seen standing on the poop of the *Bel-lerophon*. John Bull complacently regards him from a cosy chimney-corner, on the mantelpiece above which are the busts of George III, Wellington, and Blücher. Napoleon again tries his "Themistocles" technique, but John, in reply, makes the position perfectly clear :

"So am I glad to see you, Mr. Boney, but I'll be d——d if you sit upon my hearth or any part of my house. It has cost me a pretty round sum to catch you, Mr. Themistocles, as you call yourself, but now I've got you I'll take care of you."

Napoleon eventually reached St. Helena on 13th October.

Now that I have broached the subject of Napoleon's final downfall, as reflected in the pictorial satire of the time, let me allude to two other caricatures which deal with his melancholy sojourn at St. Helena.

One, again by George Cruikshank (now firmly established as the rightful successor to Gillray<sup>1</sup>), shows Napoleon on his Isle of Exile, with General and Mme. Bertrand (who were among the few who chose to share his captivity), sitting on a stool and thoughtfully contemplating—no, not an invasion of Britain this time—but a rat-trap, which provides him with the theme for the following soliloquy :

<sup>1</sup> James Gillray died a few months before, on 1st June, aged 58, after having lived from 1811 in a state of "comparative imbecility, due to ill-health and growing habits of intemperance, fostered, it is only charitable to suppose, by the constant strain upon his inventive powers." (D.N.B.)

"Alas, that I who caught Imperial flats  
 Should now sit here to watch these scurvy rats.<sup>1</sup>  
 I, who Madrid, Berlin, Vienna, Moscow took,  
 Am doomed with cheese to bait a nasty hook !  
 Was it for this I tried to save my bacon,  
 To use it now for rats that won't be taken ?  
 Curse their wise souls. I had not half the trouble  
 Their European brethren to bubble.  
 When I myself was hailed as Emperor Nap,  
 Emperors and kings I had within my trap,  
 And to this moment might have kept them there,  
 Had I not gone to hunt the Russian bear ! "

With but slight emendation this "De Profundis" oration might one day serve another upstart.

Napoleon was already installed in his permanent quarters there. On 1st January, 1816, Cruikshank again portrayed him sitting in a pensive attitude, surrounded by pictures "to ornament the house that Jack built," such as : "View of the Fall of St. Cloud," "Battle of Waterloo," "Map of France," "Burning of Moscow," and so on. The Allied Sovereigns address him in the following verse :

"Well, Nap ! you see we don't forsake you,  
 Although we had such pains to take you.  
 'Tis true we long have been profuse  
 Of Slang and Billingsgate abuse ;  
 Have dealt in language most uncivil  
 And call'd you Robber, Murd'rer, Devil !  
 Man—butcher !—but of that no more,  
 For there we feel a common sore !  
 So cease, at lenth [*sic*] to plague and tease you,  
 And send you what we hope will please you."

Bonaparte answers pathetically and cryptically :

"Did you ever hear the story of some fellows who broke a poor devil's head and then gave him a plaster ? "

<sup>1</sup> This is the first mention, in the caricatures of the time, of the rats with which St. Helena was infested.

At the feet of the Prince Regent lie two boxes filled with female figures, a large doll's house ("the house that Jack built"), punch, wine, and—surely the most unkindest cut of all—a paintbox from Ackermann's, one of the leading publishers of the Napoleonic caricatures, ticketed 500 guineas !

This caricature is notable in that it marks the virtual end of Napoleon as the subject of active pictorial satire, just as his departure was complete from the stage of European politics.

These representative specimens of the political cartoons of that historic and spacious period would be incomplete without one or two examples of the general reaction to Napoleon's invasion of Russia.

Published in 1813, they do equal justice to the momentous—and far-reaching—turn of events. The effect of "Little Boney's" disastrous expedition on the ultimate issue of the war had already begun to be appreciated in this country.

In an autograph letter, dated Culford, 18th November, 1812 (when Napoleon was already in retreat from Moscow), from the 2nd Marquis Cornwallis (1774–1823) to a General, on the probable effects of the Russian campaign, the noble lord says :

" . . . The Russian cause seems to go on better, and, after all, I do not know whether Bonaparte's being beat in that quarter may not contribute more than any other success we can hope for, to the termination of the war. . . . "

Two paragraphs from the Press, a few months later, have an echoing ring to-day.

From *The Anti-Gallican Monitor* of 24th January, 1813 :  
" . . . The first feeling with which this is viewed by the well-wisher to British interests will be naturally absorbed in gratitude towards that Nation who have, by

their zeal, perseverance, and courage, brought about so great and unexpected an event."

The *Royal Military Chronicle*, May, 1813 :

" . . . But in no part of the world was the progress of Bonaparte viewed with more interest than in Great Britain, and the result of the northern campaign of 1812 has proved highly gratifying to every real patriot."

Lastly, a paragraph from a rare pamphlet, published in French in 1813, shows that Doktor Goebbels must have had a counterpart in 1812. Entitled :

"Retraite des français,"

the anonymous work gives due credit to the patriotism and fighting spirit of the Russians, which obtained little publicity at the time, as the news of the campaign was mainly conveyed through deceptive French official bulletins :

" . . . Les forces russe étaient nombreuses et animées du meilleur esprit dans toutes les parties de l'Empire le patriotisme déployait de nouvelles forces : pendant que les bulletins, remplissant leur tâche ordinaire, répandaient partout, que la Russe touchait à son dernier moment, que ses armées étaient détruites. . . ."

Of which the following is a rough translation :

"The Russian forces were numerous and imbued with the finest fighting spirit. In all parts of the Empire their sense of patriotism gave rise to new proofs of strength ; whilst the bulletins, fulfilling their usual function, gave out everywhere that Russia was on her last legs, and that her armies were destroyed."

Russian characteristics have certainly not changed since those days.

The rhymesters of the time also sensed that the Russian campaign was at last the beginning of the end, as the following verses, which appeared during the same year, show :



Master Boney was fain, after fighting with Spain,  
And losing some thousands of men,  
To make an attack on the Russian Cossack,  
With Nations to assist him full ten.

He begun with a boast that he'd scour their coast,  
And drive them all into the sea ;  
He continued his blow till he got to Moscow,  
His designed winter quarters to be.

But when he got there, lord ! how he did stare  
To see the whole place in a flame ;  
Not a house for his head, not a rug for his bed,  
Neither plunder nor victuals, nor fame.

No ! No ! Mister Nap, you'll not feather your cap  
Any more, for your race is now run ;  
And your murderous heart is destined, Bonaparte,  
To suffer for crimes it has done.

Then, ye Nations whose voice, through fear, not from choice,  
To this Tyrant this homage have paid,  
Join the brave Russian throng, that your miseries ere long  
May with Nap in oblivion be laid.

The call to the overrun nations in the last verse, with its prophetic assurance of approaching deliverance, echoes across the years to our inspiring Prime Minister's equally prophetic utterance to the U.S.A. :<sup>1</sup>

" . . . It is but a few years ago since one united gesture by the peoples, great and small, who are now broken in the dust, would have warded off from mankind the fearful ordeal it has had to undergo. But there was no unity. There was no vision. The nations were pulled down, one by one, while the others gaped and chattered. And now the old lion with her lion cubs at her side stands alone. . . . Is the tragedy to repeat itself once more ?

<sup>1</sup> Broadcast 16th June, 1941, on his acceptance of the degree of Doctor of Laws conferred by Rochester University as a token of esteem.

Ah, no ! This is not the end of the tale. The stars in their courses proclaim the deliverance of mankind. . . .”

Prophecy indeed. . . . Five days after this declaration—on 21st June—Hitler’s hordes invaded Russia. . . . The beginning of the end—for Hitler, as it proved for his predecessor in iniquity and infamy.

Let us study the parallel a little further. It took Napoleon 55 days to reach Smolensk. It took Hitler exactly the same number of days to reach the same objective ! Napoleon began his offensive against Russia on 24th June. Hitler began his on 21st June. Napoleon took Smolensk on 18th August. Hitler, according to Moscow, took Smolensk on 15th August. Hitler was therefore three days ahead of Napoleon before the break of the Russian winter.

The time schedule is almost uncanny !

And from the grave there comes a voice that might be addressing War Lord Hitler in 1943 :

“ In the interests of my fame I ought to have died on that day of battle. If a bullet had killed me at Moscow I should have been crowned with an incomparable wreath of fame. The force of imagination would have been such that it would not have been in a position to set limits to my career ! ”

Thus spoke the fallen Emperor at St. Helena as he recalled his culminating disaster at Moscow.

Less than two years after his fatal march into Russia Napoleon was deposed, and the Allies, including Czar Alexander, had entered Paris. . . . The campaign of 1812 was, perhaps, the most decisive campaign in history. Never had so much been lost in so short a time. . . .

There is no end to the coincidences between Napoleon’s Russian venture and Hitler’s. At this writing, February, 1943, we are witnessing a retreat by the Germans that is

likely to be as shattering as Bonaparte's final rout Hitler's triumphant advance was checked by the Stalingrad débâcle and then turned into a headlong retreat.

There is a ghostly cadence to these words of the song (see page 58), "Napoleon's Retreat from Moscow" that Britain sang one hundred and thirty years ago :—

The Tyrant with his hosts advanc'd,  
While Vic'try on him seem'd to flow. . . .  
The Russians, faithful to their plans,  
Allow'd him further on to go—  
*Until a bloody check he got. . . .*

The emergent truth of this survey of the Napoleonic invasion plan and its consequences is clearly the time-worn but ineluctable verdict : "*History repeats itself. . . !*"

One cannot, particularly at the present time, reiterate these three significant words too often ! Napoleon himself acknowledged the value of history when he said, in his last instructions to his son, the King of Rome :

"Let my son often read and reflect on history ; this is the only true philosophy. . . ."

Though, like so many other autocrats, he heeded not its lessons.

The progress of Napoleon's march to Moscow was watched with feverish anxiety in Britain. The quantity of caricatures relating to the Russian campaign is little less abundant than that which ten years before had encouraged the British nation to prepare for a stubborn resistance to the threatened invasion of their country, and fanned the flame of the popular detestation of "Little Boney."

The art of caricature was not unknown in Russia, and while some of the native productions reflect the ideas and designs of the great English caricaturists, Thomas Rowlandson and George Cruikshank, and their less

[illegible]

*If you trespass on our grounds, you must dance to our tunes.....*



**RUSSIANS TEACHING BONEY TO DANCE.**

— The H. W. H. H. H.  
H. W. H. H. H. H. H.



I'll Extinguish Your little French -  
- Foulking - Plush Light - Harter Bony.

Death and Fury! - how  
I burn with Rage - those  
"Frightful - Contemtable Cossacks  
has Clouded all my hopes.

Price One Shilling Coloured

E. - 2nd - 1st.

London. Pub. Nov. 22. 1851. by Tho. S. Fry - at Chiswick.

# The COSSACK EXTINGUISHER.

celebrated contemporaries, many of the English inspirations of the time may be clearly traced to Muscovite originals.

Caricatures on the subject of Napoleon's retreat from Russia continued to appear during the first half of 1813. The work done by Generals "Winter," "Frost," and "Famine" apparently took the English fancy almost as much as "Little Boney's" flat-bottomed boats and his volunteer adversaries had done ten years before. And well it might; for was not Russia Britain's first line of defence, just as she has been since June, 1941?

The first of our two cartoons on the Russian venture is of exceptional interest, being "copied from a Russian print." The copy was etched by the celebrated George Cruikshank, and published in London on 18th May, 1813. Entitled: "Russians Teaching Boney to Dance," the caption (translated from the Russian) is certainly logical: "If you trespass on our grounds, you must dance to our tunes."

The second, another London print, "The Cossack Extinguisher," appeared on 10th November, 1813, with the legend:

*Cossack*: "I'll—Extinguish Your Little French—Farthing—Rushlight—Master Boney."

*Little Boney*: "Death and Fury!—how I burn with Rage—those 'Frightful'—Contempable [*sic*] Cossacks has [*sic*] Clouded all my hopes."

\* \* \*

Many a true word is spoken in jest — Mr. Schicklgruber . . . !

## PART V

### EPILOGUE

#### THE SERIOUS ASPECT

**I**N the preceding pages I have tried to show how well the people of these islands could laugh their defiance in the face of Napoleon's threat to their liberties and existence.

This habit of facetiousness, this armour of cool courage in the face of peril, which is so peculiar to the British, has proved the despair of our enemies throughout the centuries. It is a Secret Weapon that not even Hitler can copy—nor even understand—and one which is serving us as well to-day as it did in Napoleon's time.

Not even Boney, the terror of the rest of Europe, could deprive John Bull of his high spirits ; a fact which has, I think, been adequately demonstrated in the previous part of this sketch. But the picture would be incomplete without showing how fully our forefathers at the same time appreciated the realities of the situation, which the serious writers of that fateful period knew so well how to express.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of this concluding chapter is the truly astonishing parallel between the period in question and our own present times. It is not merely that actual happenings have tended to repeat themselves but the mental attitude existing in the respective periods betray the most uncanny similarity. In the face of Napoleon's threat there was an indifference—a complacency—on the part of the people that called for drastic and continuous reminders of the grave peril that hung over the nation and the exhortations to the public to develop a deeper sense of awareness were couched in

almost identical terms to those that are used to-day to counter lethargy and wishful thinking.

In most of the contemporary extracts here reproduced it would be necessary only to alter the names of the chief actors to span the gap of nearly a century and a half.

After the short-lived Peace of Amiens, so great was the confidence of the British people in the ability of the fleet to keep our shores safe from the enemy that they were in danger of lapsing into a sense of false security, and needed "much rousing" before they fully realized that danger was again on their very doorstep. Some elements exerted themselves to belittle the news of Napoleon's preparations and did their best to persuade others that it was only a scare. Indeed, so widespread did this refusal to believe in the seriousness of the threat become that for a time it proved an acute embarrassment to the Government, especially in view of the fact that the attitude grew in certain quarters into an actual anti-resistance movement—or, in present-day phraseology, a fifth-column activity.

The people were therefore warned to "guard against internal as well as external enemies." In an "Address to the People of England" one writer, under the pseudonym of "An Englishman," declared :

"Nothing can tend so effectively to serve the enemy's cause as an opinion that the French cannot hurt us—let every man in the Kingdom entertain this notion and the country would be an easy prey. . . . Those who are continually crying out : 'Bonaparte won't attempt an invasion,' or, 'if he does it is impossible he would succeed,' are either fools or scoundrels. Such a one should be regarded as 'suspect,' and 'no friend of his country'."

The campaign for rousing the country was carried on



with extraordinary efficiency and vigour, and patriotic publications of every kind and size were distributed everywhere. Throughout the length and breadth of the land the people were being urged to make fresh efforts and to awake from dreams of false security. The virile broadsides, pamphlets, newspapers, periodicals, etc., soon succeeded in removing all doubt from the minds of the people that Napoleon was in deadly earnest.

The following extract from one of these periodicals is a tribute to the efficiency of the propaganda of the time. It is taken from the "Concluding suggestions, by the Proprietors and Editor of the *Loyalist*" of 10th December, 1803 :

"Four months have elapsed since the first number of this periodical miscellany was published. The professed design of the *Loyalist* was that of awakening the British nation to a just sense of its danger, and of stimulating its patriotic efforts for the preservation of all that is valuable to ourselves and to our posterity. This important object has been attained. We have had the supreme felicity of witnessing a general and magnanimous exertion throughout the United Kingdom, in defence of its rights, liberties, and existence. . . ."

The country was roused to a pitch of ferment not known since the days of the Armada. Even the beacons on the hill-tops throughout the island, which had remained in a state of neglect for 200 years, were hastily repaired and put into commission. In addition, 74 Martello Towers, of uniform circular shape, 30 feet high, were erected at strategic points along the coast, in which the local volunteers were to hold out against Bonaparte's veterans until the regular regiments (under Sir John

Moore) could reach the point of danger. Some of these old "pill-boxes" are still to be seen.

This is the type of poster you would have found nailed on trees and church-doors at that feverish period :

"Britons, the period is now arrived, when it is to be discovered whether you are to be FREE MEN OR SLAVES. Whether you are to be the Vassals of a Corsican, or the Independent sons of a Race of Heroes, who for ages past have been the scourge of Tyranny and Oppression. Your enemy is at your Door, and he insultingly tells you that every one he finds in Arms in Defence of his Country, his Friends, his All, he will put to the Edge of the Sword !"

Here is an extract from another :

"BRITONS AWAKE ! . . . Know then that the Corsican Bonaparte, the Grand Subjugator of the Great French Nation, has at length thrown off the mask. This relentless Tyrant . . . no longer conceals his long-buried rancorous designs of annihilating this truly happy country, the envy of all Europe. There is not a Town or Village between Paris and Calais where may not be read the handbills to the following effect : ROAD TO ENGLAND ! . . . It is an invitation to every dastardly Frenchman, whose courage is only roused by the hopes of plunder, to enlist in the Army of England, the Paradise of the World ! The richest and most flourishing nation the sun ever blest with its beams. . . . Such, Britons, is the boast of the Corsican Tyrant, the Grand Subjugator of the Great French Nation. . . . What answer, my gallant countrymen, shall we give to this ? Surely there can be but one ; and that, thank Heaven ! will be found engraven on the bottom of your hearts—' Or Death or Freedom ' ;

or, in other words, Annihilation to every Frenchman who shall dare to set his cloven-hoof on these happy and matchless shores. . . !”

The phrase describing Napoleon as “the Grand Subjugator of the Great French Nation” occurs repeatedly in these broadsides. Compare the present-day description of Hitler as “the creator of the Nazi tyranny in Germany.”

Political magazines and pamphlets took up the theme of complacency. The following is an extract from a virile monthly of July, 1803 :

“PEOPLE OF THE BRITISH ISLES !

“Let none affect to despise the idea that WE SHALL SHORTLY BE INVADED. Our foe has pledged himself to it. He is at this moment disengaged from every Continental enemy—he is supported, he exists, only by warfare and plunder. Our Naval Victories have sufficiently taught him to despair of ever withstanding us on the Watery Element, and consequently the only possibility of any success rests in conveying his Land Forces on our Shores, and that that is by no means impracticable is the opinion of the first Military Characters.

“Let us make known to Frenchmen that whatever difference in Political Opinions may arise among ourselves, that when our beloved Country is menaced by Invasion, WE WILL AND HAVE RESOLVED, ONE AND ALL, to defend with bravery and vigour its honour, freedom and independence. . . .

“But let us pause, and contemplate for a moment what we have to defend :

“We have to defend from brutal violation the British Fair, whose unrivalled beauty, so far from pro-

tecting them, will add proportionably to their misery. We have to defend (and transmit unimpaired to our children) those Rights and Liberties for which our Ancestors have so often bled. . . .

“ We have to defend and to maintain such glorious privileges as collectively no other nation on the earth can boast of possessing. We have a MAGNA CARTA and a FREE PRESS ; but above all, our glorious and invaluable Constitution, the admiration and the wonder of the world. . . . ”

One of the most remarkable pamphlets on the subject was published during the same month. Entitled : “ Publicola’s Addresses to the People of England, to the Soldiers, and to the Sailors,” it takes us right into the spirit of that hectic year of reawakening and preparation, and is worth quoting *in extenso*.

The author declares that the greatest danger in a possible invasion lies in neglect to prepare for it, and he therefore exhorts the people, as well as the armed forces, to defend their rights and their liberty.

The beginning of the pamphlet might have been written in 1940 :

“ Great Britain is the only country in Europe that has defied his power and baffled his arms—Great Britain is therefore the object of his utmost rancour, detestation, and hate.”

The writer continues :

“ People of England ! . . . A restless and ambitious Usurper, who for some years past has been no less the curse of the country over which he tyrannizes than the scourge of the civilized world, waiting until he had subjugated or silenced every Power on the Continent,

now threatens to blast your prosperity, menaces your shores with invasion, your liberties with annihilation !

“ . . . Our riches, our commerce, have excited his envy. Our rights, our free spirit, and our constitution form too glaring a contrast to his own usurped and tyrannical government, and he has vowed their overthrow and destruction. . . . Read, my Countrymen, and blush at the depravity even of an enemy. In a public proclamation or decoy to his subjugated people to support him in this effort of his ambition, he assures them, *when they have landed in this country, that in order to make the booty the richer, no quarter shall be given to the base English who fight for their perfidious Government—that they are to be put to the sword, and their property to be distributed among the soldiers of the victorious army ! ! !*<sup>1</sup>

“ These, then, are the intentions and projects of our enemy—these are the scenes destined to be exhibited in this country, unless averted by the valour, unanimity and patriotism of her citizens. The danger is imposing, but the moment that it is felt, and its extent generally ascertained, it can be no longer so to the People of England . . . a People whose ancestors held that the shores of Britain must inevitably be the grave of every foe that attacked them !

“ . . . Arise, then, my fellow-citizens and countrymen, break that silence which you have lately observed. Let your spirit burst forth, and let your voice speak out the purpose of your souls. Tell the plunderers of Europe that you are not the slumbering, infatuated people they have had to deal with on the Continent. Tell them that every house, cottage, or stall, is in this country a Castle—that every man is the Governor of his own Castle, and that he will maintain it against

<sup>1</sup> See “ A French Placard,” on page 127.

attack as tenaciously as the First Consul would maintain his own Usurped Throne. . . .<sup>1</sup>

" . . . God forbid that I should entertain an apprehension upon the ultimate result of an *Invasion of this Country!*—*it can only become formidable by being despised and lightly treated.*

" Something more, however, is claimed at your hands than simply averting the threatened calamity. *The Lion must rouse himself; the country must crush at a blow the presumptuous efforts of the Enemy.* . . . It is not by shouting out: 'Down with the Tyrant—Confusion to Buonaparté,' that you will spread dismay throughout his ranks, or save your native land from subjugation. *It is by acting, not talking, that these things are to be done.* . . .

" *There are truths which you must be told.* You have not been used to warfare upon your native land, and therefore conceive it impossible to take place. Our brothers in arms have gallantly sought the enemy abroad, to avert such horrors from our homes; and you conceive that if you applaud and approve their conduct, and light up a few farthing candles when they have stormed an enemy's stronghold or sunk an enemy's fleet, that you have done your duty as true patriots and as good citizens. But woe to England's greatness if, because *we have gained a good name, we should now go to sleep!* The enemy now approaches your shores, threatens your all, and vows to make this blessed land of Peace and Freedom the theatre of war, massacre, and blood!

" How, you will ask, are we to avert such horrors?

<sup>1</sup> Compare our Prime Minister's famous declaration in his speech in the House of Commons on 4th June, 1940, after Dunkirk: ". . . We shall defend our island, whatever the cost may be, we shall fight on the beaches, we shall fight on the landing grounds, we shall fight in the fields and in the streets, we shall fight in the hills; we shall never surrender. . . ."

. . . I will tell you. . . By feeling the full extent of your danger ; by not despising the idea of the Enemy making good his landing ; by not discrediting the possibility of his success because he has never yet succeeded, or the probability of his not attempting it because he has only threatened it before . . . by comparing our present state with the present state of every or any country in Europe, and thus confirming the value of those blessings which we have to lose.

“ Thus you will pave the way to proper feelings and a just estimate of your stake. . . . To give these due effect, your actions must correspond with them. . . .”

The pamphlet concludes with a call to the civil population “ to become half soldiers ” in defence of their homes :

“ You must train yourselves to wield a pitch-fork, or a hedgestake, if you cannot procure a musquet ; practise the old English cudgel-play quarter staff : *Assemble together, and learn to march, to wheel, to form companies, and, in short, to become half Soldiers*<sup>1</sup>—then, British Spirit and British Valour will supply the *other half*, and manifest themselves in a most formidable manner to the imperious, the ambitious, but *powerful* Foe !

“ BRITONS, BE PREPARED ! IF YOU SUPPOSE THAT BUONAPARTÉ WILL NOT ATTEMPT INVASION, YOU ARE DECEIVED ! ”

Truly an inspiring clarion call to arms and manifestly the preview of our own civil defence plans.

As though to make quite certain that not even the dullest imagination should be denied the opportunity of being stirred to a true idea of what invasion really meant, particularly if it succeeded in happening here, an article

<sup>1</sup> Cf. the “ part-time soldiers ” of the Home Guard to-day, and the recommendation of their use of pikes until more adequate weapons were forthcoming !

appeared in a political journal, entitled : " An Invasion-Sketch," which gives a vivid picture of what a week in London would be like under Napoleon's yoke. A preliminary note states :

" If there be one Person so lost to all Love for his Country, and the British Constitution, as to suppose that his Person or Property, his Rights and his Freedom, would be respected under a Foreign Yoke, let him contemplate the following Picture—not overcharged, but drawn from Scenes afforded by every Country—Italy, Holland, Switzerland, Germany, Spain, Hanover, etc.—which has been exposed to the Miseries of a French Invasion."

This extremely interesting and thought-provoking Invasion picture has not, to the best of my knowledge, been reproduced since its original appearance in the old periodical—which indeed is the case with the vast majority of the extracts quoted in this book. I think it will, therefore, be found well worth reprinting here in full :

" *London, 10th Thermidor,<sup>1</sup> year —.*

" General Bonaparte made his public entrance into the Capital over London Bridge, upon a charger from His Britannic Majesty's stables at Hanover, preceded by a detachment of Mamelukes. He stopped upon the bridge a few seconds to survey the number of ships in the river ; and beckoning to one of his Aides-de-camp, ordered the French flag to be hoisted above the English—the English sailors on board who attempted to resist the execution of this order were bayoneted and thrown overboard.

" When he came to the Bank, he smiled with com-

<sup>1</sup> *Thermidor* : the 11th month of the Napoleonic French calendar, from 19th July to 17th August.



plaisance upon a detachment of French grenadiers who had been sent to load all the bullion in waggons, which had been previously put in requisition by the Prefect of London, Citizen Mengaud, for the purpose of being conveyed to France. The directors of the Bank were placed under a strong guard of French soldiers in the Bank parlour.

“ From the Bank the First Consul proceeded in grand procession along Cheapside, St. Paul’s, Ludgate-hill, Fleet-street, and the Strand, to St. James’s Palace. He there held a grand Circle, which was attended by all his Officers, whose congratulations he received upon his entrance into the Capital of these once proud islanders. Bonaparte, previously to his arrival, appointed two Prefects, one for London and one for Westminster. Citizen Mengaud, late Commissary at Calais, is the Prefect for London, and Citizen Rapp of Westminster. He also nominated Citizen Fouché to the office of Minister of Police. The Mansion-house has been selected for the residence of the Prefect of London, and Northumberland-house for the residence of the Prefect of Westminster. As it has been deemed necessary to have the Minister of Police always near the person of the First Consul, Marlboro’ House has been given to Citizen Fouché. Lodgings have been prepared elsewhere for the late owners of that splendid palace.

“ London was ordered to be illuminated, and detachments of French dragoons paraded the principal streets and squares all night.

“ *11th Thermidor.*

“ Bonaparte, at five o’clock in the morning, reviewed the French troops on the Esplanade at the Horse Guards. A Council was afterwards held, at which

the following Proclamations were drawn up and ordered to be posted in every part of the city :

“ By ORDER of the FIRST CONSUL.

“ PROCLAMATION.

“ *St. James's Palace.*

“ Inhabitants of London, be tranquil. The Hero, the Pacificator, is come among you. His moderation and his mercy are too well known to you. He delights in restoring peace and liberty to all mankind. Banish all alarms. Pursue your usual occupations. Put on the habit of joy and gladness.

“ The First Consul orders—

“ That all the Inhabitants of London, and Westminster, remain in their own houses for three days.

“ That no molestation be offered to the measures which the French Soldiers will be required to execute.

“ All Persons disobeying these Orders will be immediately carried before the Minister of Police.

“ (Signed) BONAPARTE.

“ The Minister of Police, FOUCHÉ.

“ *Proclamation to the French Soldiers.*

“ Soldiers ! Bonaparte has led you to the Shores and the Capital of this proud island. He promised to reward his brave companions in arms. He promised to give up the Capital of the British Empire to pillage. Brave comrades, take your reward. London, the second Carthage, is given up to pillage for three days.

“ (Signed) BONAPARTE.

“ The Minister of War, *per interim*, AUGEREAU.

“ The acclamations of the French soldiery—*Vive Bonaparte—le Héros—le Pacificateur—le Magnanime*—resound through every street.

“ 12th, 13th, 14th Thermidor.

“ LONDON PILLAGED. The doors of private houses forced. Bands of drunken soldiers dragging wives and daughters from the arms of husbands and fathers. Many husbands who had had the *temerity* to resist, butchered in the presence of their children. Flames seen in a hundred different places bursting from houses which had been set fire to by the *vivacity* of the troops—churches broken open, and the church-plate plundered. The pews and altars converted into stabling—four Bishops murdered who had taken refuge in Westminster Abbey—the screams of women and children mix with the cries of the soldiers—*Vive la République ! Vive Bonaparte !*

“ St. Martin’s church converted into a *depôt* for the property acquired by the pillage of the soldiery.

“ 15th Thermidor.

“ A proclamation published by the First Consul, promising *protection* to the inhabitants.

“ The houses of the principal Nobility and Gentry appropriated to the use of the French Generals. Every house is required to furnish so many rations of bread and meat for the troops.

“ At a Council of State, presided by Bonaparte, the two Houses of Parliament are solemnly abolished, and ordered to be replaced by a Senate and a Council of State. General Masséna appointed Provisional President of the former, and General Dessolles of the latter. The Courts of Law are directed to discontinue their sittings, and are replaced by military tribunals.

“ 16th Thermidor.

“ A plot discovered by Fouché against the First Consul, and three hundred, supposed to be implicated, sent to the Tower.

"Insurrections in different parts of the capital on account of the excesses of the soldiers and the contribution of twenty millions. Cannon planted at all the principal avenues, and a heavy fire of grapeshot kept up against the insurgents.

"Lords Nelson, St. Vincent, and Melville, Messrs. Addington, Pitt, Sheridan, Grey, twenty Peers and Commoners, among the latter Sir Sidney Smith, tried by the Military Tribunals for having been concerned in the *insurrection* against France, and sentenced to be shot. Sentence was immediately carried into execution in Hyde Park.

"*17th Thermidor.*

"The Dock-yards ordered to send all the timber, hemp, anchors, masts, etc., to France. The relations of the British sailors at sea sent to prison till the ships are brought into port, and placed at the disposal of the French.<sup>1</sup> Detachments dispatched to the different counties to disarm the people.

"The Island ordered to be divided into departments and military sections—the name of London to be changed for *Bonaparte-opolis*, and the appellation of the country to be altered from Great Britain to that of *La France insulaire*, Edinburgh to take the name of *Lucienville*, Dublin that of *Massen-opolis*."

The lurid picture ends with the comment :

"BRITONS ! can this be endured ?—Shall we suffer ourselves thus to be parcelled off ?—I hear you one and all say : ' No !—To your tents, O Israel !—BRITONS NEVER WILL BE SLAVES ! ' "

Judged by Nazi methods and atrocities in occupied countries in Europe, this Napoleonic Invasion picture is

<sup>1</sup> Cf. the favourite Nazi method of reprisals against innocent relatives.

tame indeed, and by no means "overcharged," compared with the nightmare of a week in London under Hitler's heel. Knowing that gentleman's opinion of us and his intentions, we may be quite sure that his atrocities in Poland, Russia and elsewhere would pale into insignificance by contrast with the deeds which he would give so much to be able to perform over here.

On 26th July, 1803, a great meeting was held at the London Stock Exchange by "Merchants, Bankers, Traders, and Other Inhabitants of London and its Neighbourhood," when a lengthy but magnificent "Declaration" was "proposed and unanimously resolved upon"; which proves that Londoners at any rate responded to the call for more realism :

"We look on this great crisis without Dismay. We have most firm reliance on the Spirit and Virtue of the People of this Country. . . . We fight for that Constitution and System of Society, which is at once the noblest Monument and the firmest Bulwark of Civilization. We fight to preserve the whole earth from the barbarous Yoke of military Despotism ! We fight for the Independence of all Nations, even of those who are the most indifferent to our Fate, or the most blindly jealous of our prosperity !

"His Majesty is about to call upon his people to arm in their own Defence. We trust and we believe that he will not call upon them in vain. . . . We have the most sacred Duties to perform. We have most invaluable Blessings to preserve. We have to gain Glory and Safety, or to incur indelible Disgrace and fall into irretrievable Ruin. Upon our Efforts will depend the Triumph of Liberty over Despotism, of national Independence over Projects of Universal Empire, and, finally, of Civilization over Barbarism.

“ At such a Moment we deem it our Duty solemnly to bind ourselves to each other, and to our Countrymen, in the most sacred Manner ; that we will employ all our Exertions to rouse the Spirit, and to assist the Resources of the Kingdom ; that we will be ready with our Services of every Sort, and on every Occasion in its Defence, and that we will rather perish together than live to see the Honour of the British name tarnished, or that noble Inheritance of Greatness, Glory and Liberty destroyed, which has descended to us from our Forefathers, and which we are determined to transmit to Posterity.

“ JACOB BOSANQUET,

“ Chairman.”

This inspiring message might well have been sent out by the stoical Londoners of to-day.

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#### BIRTH OF THE “ HOME GUARD ”

One of the most remarkable of the reactions to the threatened invasion was the development of the Loyal Volunteer regiments, the prototype of the Home Guard of to-day.

In 1797 there appeared a pamphlet entitled, “ Plan of Defence Against Invasion,” written by Captain James Burney, R.N. (Ret.),<sup>1</sup> brother of Fanny Burney, the diarist, and friend of Charles Lamb, in which he advocated the enrolment of men for home defence.

The pamphlet begins :

“ Security is the first blessing of life ; without it no other good is permanent, and life itself scarcely a benefit. . . .

<sup>1</sup> Capt. James Burney (1750-1821). Sailed under Captain Cook on his third voyage, and on latter's death became commander of the *Discovery*.

"With our All at stake," he asks, "do we make, or are we making, the most proper use of the means which are in our power for defence? To this I answer, I believe not; and under this belief the following has been written. . . ."

The author continues :

"We have the means in our power to be fully provided for the worst they can do; to neglect would be absurd, and may be fatal; and particularly absurd to neglect any means of safety which may be executed without material inconvenience. The following plan once put in execution may, with a little alteration, with scarcely any inconvenience, and with very little expense, be continued as a regulation that will be a permanent security against all foreign invasion."

Captain Burney then proceeds to unfold his plan for the formation of a "Home Guard" :

"The PLAN is as follows :

"That in London, and in all the counties near, and likewise in the counties near the Eastern and Southern coast of the Kingdom, or, if thought proper, to be extended to all the counties near the sea-coast round the island, there should be taken in each parish, separately, an account of all the male inhabitants in every house, of whatever description, between the ages of eighteen and fifty-five, capable of bearing arms.

"That the names of such shall be enrolled, and they required to attend, at a time and place appointed by each parish for themselves, on one forenoon in each week, for the first three months, to be embodied, regulated and exercised."

In a footnote, the author adds :

“ If immediate danger should at any time be apprehended, then the times of exercise should be more frequent.”

This Guard was to strengthen the defences of the country, and to reinforce the standing Army, so that the Fleet might be freed to defend our commerce at sea, harry the enemy, &c.

It is of fascinating interest to read through this “ Plan ” in detail, but space permits of only a few extracts here.

The writer declares that all this would ensure that, “ in addition to the standing Force, an army of 200,000 men could be called out at a few hours’ notice, without anyone being required to stir from their own habitation till the moment their assistance is wanted, except one forenoon in the week to exercise, and, after the first three months, one forenoon in the month would be sufficient in time of war, and once a year in time of peace, which would make it a constant and secure regulation against danger from invasion, and be not only security against any actual attempt, but would be a security against any enterprise of the kind being ever attempted ; for whatever force the enemy might have to employ on such an expedition, when they once knew that such a state of preparation had actually taken place, they would never be mad enough to make an attempt ; and, whether they made it or not, we should feel ourselves eased of all anxiety or apprehension for the consequence.”

He suggests that officers on half-pay could be employed to train the Guard ; that “ all workmen in His Majesty’s Dock-yards should be exercised under their own officers. All the seamen of all His Majesty’s ships should be trained to small arms, that those belonging to ships in port, at the time of an invasion, might be landed ; and, likewise,



the masters of all merchant-vessels should be required to have their men instructed in the use of small arms ; and all merchant-vessels should be provided, by their owners, with small arms, accoutrements, etc., sufficient for the number of men employed in them."

In view of the rebellious elements which were giving considerable trouble in various parts of the country, some objections were raised to the effect that such armed men might prove a source of danger, as disaffected persons might band together and secure ammunition for their own ends. To which the Captain replied that the men would be divided and exercised in small parties only, and that all arms and ammunition would be stored under lock and key "at the most secure and convenient places nearest at hand."

Personally, he added, he was in favour of trusting his fellow-countrymen, thinking "miserable indeed must be the state of a country where the people, in time of imminent danger, may not be trusted to defend themselves." Nevertheless, the rebellion in Ireland—not to mention actual outbreaks of mutiny in the fleet—served as a constant reminder of the trouble they might cause.

As was pointed out a year or two ago, some of Captain Burney's ideas were derived from the old Elizabethan "musters," just as they also underlie many of our present-day projects for home defence.

The pamphlet ends with a summing-up of the country's need of a "Home Guard" and the enemy's probable line of attack :

"Though the armed force for the defence of the two countries [i.e., England and Ireland] is greater than at any former period, yet the minds of many considerate men are filled with anxiety. Should the day of trial arrive in our present state, it would be

too late for general instruction ; the want of it might produce consternation, and evil-disposed men might take advantage of that consternation to commit every kind of disorder, which would greatly increase the public danger. Whereas, by the timely adoption of such a plan as that which I have described, each individual would be disposed of ; there would be no question of ‘ What are we to do ? ’ ; every man would know his station, and if absent would be immediately missed. Every week may produce the crisis. Let us not be remiss in our exertions. . . . To judge impartially from the general conduct of the enemy, there is little reason to conclude they shall make great preparations merely to amuse us and to create alarm. Their disposition, as well as their preparations, and the general tenor of their conduct, portend an attack.

“ If they intend to attack this country it will not be for trivial or partial purposes ; against such they know we are too strongly provided. If they come, they mean to try for the whole ; and if they achieve it, the fault is with ourselves. Even to live in apprehension, from the want of proper exertions, when so amply provided with the means of defence, is a state of degradation to which this country ought not to be submitted.”

The publication attracted great attention, and proved so successful that it was followed not long after by another, which was equally well received.

The first Loyal Volunteer troops assembled in the autumn of that year (1797), and by 1803 the “ Home Guard ” numbered about 460,000 men—no mean achievement, when it is remembered that the population of the time was about one-third of what it is to-day.

An interesting list of equipment for the Volunteers is

to be found in "Instructions for Volunteers," issued in 1803 by Lieutenant-Colonel Hope to the regiment of the Royal Edinburgh Volunteers, of which he was commanding officer. After expressing his high approbation of the discipline of the regiment and his confidence that "the gentlemen will not allow their zeal to abate," and informing them that "Lieut.-General Vyse has signified to the Lieut.-Col. his intention of brigading the volunteers and of having several field-days with the troops in the neighbourhood," he proceeds as follows :

" . . . As it is the first duty of a commanding officer to attend to the health of those under his charge, the Lieut.-Col. assures the regiment that he will not permit a single gentleman, officer or private, to march out of Edinburgh on service, unless he is provided with a flannel underdress. This is at all times the best clothing for a soldier ; but for a winter campaign in such a climate as this, and with constitutions not accustomed to hardships, it is essentially necessary, and on no account will be dispensed with."

The next paragraph breathes the very spirit of our present-day Home Guard :

" In this regiment, the officers cannot be permitted to have any indulgences or accommodation beyond the privates. They must, therefore, march with their whole baggage on their backs, of which the Lt.-Col. will set the example, never mounting his horse but for the purpose of command. In camp or quarters, no distinction of rooms or tents will be permitted. Officers and privates must fare alike ; but the officers will mess together, as it will give opportunities not otherwise to be easily obtained of conversing on many points of regimental duty.

“The horses, which by the King’s regulations are allowed to the officers, will be appropriated to general purposes. The only exception to this is to be in favour of the Chaplain, Adjutant, and Surgeons.”

Here follows the list of equipment required :

“Every officer and private therefore will immediately provide himself with the following articles, and keep them constantly packed up in the neatest and most compact manner :

- “(1) One worsted or flannel night-cap to tie under the chin.
- (2) Two flannel under-waistcoats, with sleeves, or at least half sleeves to the elbows, and to come well down over the loins.
- (3) Two pair of flannel drawers.
- (4) Two pair of thick worsted stockings, or ankle socks.
- (5) Two pair of strong shoes.
- (6) One pair of worsted gloves.
- (7) One warm blanket—one blanket easily covers two men, and to be so used if the cold requires it.
- (8) Comb, brush, and implements for shaving, but as few as possible. A piece of pipe-clay, and blacking-ball. A few needles, and worsted, and thread.”

In regard to items (2) and (5)—“one of these to be on the body, and the other in the knapsack.”

The “Instructions” conclude :

“Each gentleman may also bring with him his ordinary great-coat, as the blanket renders it less necessary to have proper watch-coats.

"Each officer and private will also provide himself, and repair to the Alarm Post (on the north side of St. Andrew's-square, unless differently ordered), with four pounds and a half of biscuit or bread. Haversacks, canteens, camp-kettles, and bill-hooks, are to be issued to the regiment from the King's stores. Knapsacks will be furnished out of the regimental fund."

A poem which appeared in a periodical during the same year pays tribute to the spirit of the Volunteer movement. Entitled "The Volunteer," it is worth quoting :

Ah, think'st thou, vain Chief, that Britannia will barter,  
For the will of a Tyrant, her laws and her charter ?  
Or that chains, forg'd in France, can be rivetted here  
On the soil that gives birth to the brave Volunteer ?

No ; he'll fight for the difference 'twixt freeman and  
slave,  
Till Old Ocean shall cease his Island to lave—  
That tight little Island, now tenfold more dear  
To the heart of the loyal, the brave Volunteer !

He'll fight for his cottage, his snug little home,  
For the flesh of his flesh, for the bone of his bone ;  
For his sweet smiling infants, his partner so dear ;  
Then what arm dare encounter the brave Volunteer ?

Thro' the chances of war be't his fortune to bleed,  
Yet what e'en cowards might envy shall still be his  
meed ;  
For both Valour and Beauty shall weep o'er his bier,  
And embrace the cold corpse of the brave Volunteer.

Tho' his head may lie under the laurel-crown'd sod,  
He that dies for his country shall live with his God !  
And for him, at Heaven's gate, deceas'd heroes appear,  
Who will welcome to glory the brave Volunteer !

Come, then, haughty Chief, and bestride the salt main,  
Leading rapine and murder, and lust, in thy train.  
Yet, beware, Lord of Slaves ! The alternative here  
Is Vict'ry or Death for the brave Volunteer !

\* \* \*

The Volunteers came in for much encouragement and a great deal of advice. Sometimes they were warned against a tendency to become too "convivial" and too friendly with one another, to the possible neglect of their families on their free evenings. At other times, both they and members of the regular forces were reminded of the necessity for Discipline—a timely reminder, perhaps, considering the various mutinies in the Fleet !

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#### THE FIRST "WHAT DO I DO"

Detailed plans were worked out for countering the invasion. The suggestions put forward in a pamphlet entitled, "Thoughts on a French Invasion" ("With Reference to the Probability of its Success, and the proper Means of Resisting it"), by Havilland le Mesurier, Commissary-General for the Southern District of England, provide us with a particularly interesting analogy with the instructions issued in the form of "What to Do in an Invasion" leaflets, in the Press, and by other means, on several occasions during the past two or three years.

Published in 1798, the author, while advancing the

theory that some of the French invasion talk was mere bluff, yet deemed it necessary to discuss the best means of resisting a possible invasion :

“ Supposing, then,” he says, “ a column or division should escape our ships on passage, and not be destroyed by the naval power on the coast before they could land : it is incumbent on every man in England to consider beforehand what would be the consequence of their landing.

“ Wherever a landing may be effected, officers will no doubt be found who will give the best directions to the military force ; but if individuals remain inactive on the spot, or if in their haste to escape, they impede the military operations, they will in both cases assist the views of the enemy.”

He advocates a policy of evacuation :

“ Before our armies are assembled, the first object with every man must be the driving away the cattle, the securing the horses, the carrying off the provisions of every kind for man or beast. . . .

“ The women, the old men, the sick, and the helpless children are to be taken care of . . . but as to property of any kind, except provisions, it would impede every plan of attack or defence to pay attention to it.

“ Let any one reflect on the astonishment of the enemy if, on entering a town or village, he found no living thing, nor any food in it. He would stand appalled and feel conquered from that moment ! . . .”

A “ scorched earth ” policy of 100 years ago !

The author proceeds to issue a warning which rings a highly topical note to-day :

“ The roads leading to the enemy must be kept as

clear as possible, so as to enable the armed force to advance upon them."

With the tragedy of the congested roads in France fresh in their memory, our Government laid special emphasis on the importance of keeping the roads free for military traffic in their Invasion leaflets a year or two ago :

"Do not use the roads for any unnecessary journey : they must be left free for troop movements even a long way from the district where actual fighting is taking place. . . . Certain roads will have to be reserved for important troop movements ; but such reservations should be only temporary. . . ."

The "Commissary-General" continues :

". . . and as every care will be taken to indemnify all those who may suffer in their property through their exertions for the common cause, some intelligent person should accompany every drove of cattle, every convoy of provisions, every detachment of helpless persons. . . .

"Let no man flatter himself that he can purchase security for himself or his property by submission. We, of all other people, can hope for no mercy if we are conquered. The governors of France stop at no false representations and unworthy means of inflaming the minds of their subjects. This, they tell them, is the mine that will enrich them all ; this the country which alone prevents their obtaining universal dominion : this, they say, like Carthage, must be destroyed. . . ."



In conclusion, he says :

" If the writer has, in any way, succeeded in guarding honest men against misrepresentation, and in showing them, from experience, how best they can distress the enemy, to assist in the common defence before our own troops and armies can be supposed decisively to act, he has succeeded in his design. He is too proud of his country to doubt the readiness of every class of men to die for their wives, their families, their religion, their laws, and their king. . . ."

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#### A CALL TO THE IRISH

A timely warning was extended to the people of Ireland, in a " Report of extracts from a Speech by Earl Moira,"<sup>1</sup> delivered at a meeting of the Society of St. Patrick, on 17th March, 1803 :

" . . . I call to the reflection of my country the fatal examples of all continental Europe at this moment, from which they will see that every advantage gained by the French nation over others, in the course of the late war [i.e., before the Treaty of Amiens], has been principally effected by holding out delusive advantages, and sowing dissensions among those whom they wished to subjugate. I say then to the people of Ireland : From what has passed, my countrymen, learn to dread the future, and to spurn those specious artifices which have already lured so many other nations to ruin.

<sup>1</sup> Francis Rawdon Hastings, 1st Marquis of Hastings, and 2nd Earl of Moira in the " peerage of Ireland " (1754-1826). Distinguished himself by his gallantry at the battle of Bunker's Hill. At Philadelphia he raised a corps called the Volunteers of Ireland, which greatly distinguished itself in the field.

"I would ask the people of Ireland : What good, in the name of Heaven, can any portion or class of you expect from the French? (*'None, none, none!'* resounded from every quarter of the room.)

"Is it possible that, after all which has passed in other parts of Europe, there can yet remain any portion of the inhabitants of Ireland such miserable dupes of perverted judgment as still to look towards French fraternity? Or upon what rational ground can such an inclination for one moment exist? Is it with a view to maintain Catholicism? Advert to the conduct of the First Consul, who boasted (and truly boasted) to the Mussulmans in Egypt, that he had overthrown the power and dominion of the Pope; and who advanced (but did not justly advance) that fact as entitling him to confidence from all the followers of Mahomet.

"Is it, then, the support of Protestantism? The French army destroyed in Egypt by my gallant and noble friend (Lord Hutchinson) did not satisfy itself with triumphing only over the communion of the Pope: it was the subversion of his religion, and it was the defeat of Christianity, which they urged as proving their qualification for union with the Mussulmans.

"Is it the security of property? Turn your eyes to Holland, and see her first squeezed almost to exhaustion by contributions, and now for her last stivers, as a forced loan by French amity.

"Is it independence you seek? Look at Switzerland; contemplate the state of that gallant and once happy people, and let their misery and abasement proclaim how the object would be answered.

"Is it civil liberty that you have in view? Look at France herself. Judge if she could have understood

its value, when, after the sacrifice of one of the best kings that ever graced her throne . . . after seas of blood shed in all the varied forms of revolution, after having carried devastation into every country around her, she now crouches under arbitrary sway, and groans beneath a military despotism, the most undisguised that every insulted a nation. Then ponder how she is to have the disposition, or the skill, to secure to another country that which she does not know how to establish for herself.

“Is it from the bounty of such a nation that British subjects would hope for the improvement of their fortunate condition? Is it possible that any one heart, nurtured in the blessed air of these free and happy islands, can wish to hold freedom by the precarious tenure of French good-will?—(‘*No! No! No!*’—*Bursts of applause.*)

“Is it possible there can be ONE HEAD so wretchedly organized (if it can be capable of reasoning at all) as not to be convinced, from the palpable evidence of glaring facts, within the last few years, that all the professions of *succour*, of *alliance*, or *protection* to IRELAND, are but invitations to SUBJUGATION, OPPRESSION, and ABJECT SLAVERY? Read the proof in the history of every other nation which has submitted to the pollution of French embraces, or the curse of her insidious and destructive friendship. (*Loud and repeated peals of approbation.*)”

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#### THE LEND-TO-DEFEND THEME

On the subject of the “exorbitant” new income tax of 1s. in the pound, introduced by Pitt in 1799, one writer adopted a convincing line of argument in a pamphlet.

“ . . . I have heard some grumbling about taxes,” he says. “ I am inclined, however, for the credit of my country, to believe that this is by no means general. Such, however, as are weak and unpatriotic enough to begrudge their mite toward the general stock should be informed of one circumstance which perhaps they are either unacquainted with or have not duly considered. They are called upon by the Government, in its present crisis, to assist the common cause by laying down *one shilling in twenty*—that is, *one twentieth part of their income, for the purpose of remunerating those brave Sailors and Soldiers who keep the Enemy at bay till we are able to receive him as we ought to do.* Should Buonaparté make good his landing and establish himself in the country, *he would levy contributions at the point of the bayonet : he would hear of no appeal to Commissioners for deductions or exemptions : out of every twenty shillings which you might then possess you would be very fortunate if you were permitted to retain one : that is, one twentieth part of your own pound !* If, therefore, you cry out now that the times are hard, and weep over the departure of one shilling from your pockets, what will be your doleful lamentation when the *nineteen are wrenched from you by the soldiers of Buonaparté*, and when nothing is to be procured by the solitary one you have left ? For the bread of Britain must then support Frenchmen. . . .

“ You must *part with a share to secure the whole ! . . .*”

Public subscriptions were opened everywhere in support of the war effort. Private persons and public corporations alike vied with each other in the importance and munificence of their contributions. Appeals were made by broadside :

“ . . . Let Subscriptions be opened immediately, to

be applied to the pressing exigencies of the times. The exalted Peer, and the not less generous Commoner, the Merchant, Manufacturer, and Agriculturalist, will contribute freely; the Middling Orders will not be deficient. Refuse no man's offer. . . . These measures will show the Corsican Usurper and the slaves of his ambition more than ten thousand speeches what men brave and free are capable to perform, when called upon to defend their country. It will electrify Europe. . . ."

One recalls the same argument being used a year or two ago: "It will do more to prove to Hitler and the world that we mean business than any increase in the income-tax"—or words to that effect!

Another broadside appealed to "the Women of England" to bring forth "their gold, their silver, and their jewels":

"Let future chroniclers say: 'When England was beset by a presumptuous and vindictive foe, and the men of that nation spread themselves along the coast, from rock to rock, from shore to shore, in order that the base foot of an invader should never sully their soil, the women of England remembered Cressy, Poitiers, Agincourt . . . made a voluntary contribution towards sustaining the expense of the war'. . . ."

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### THEY LOOKED BACK TOO

As we to-day recall the reactions of our forefathers to the peril of Napoleon's threat, so did they, in their turn, revert to the past, that they might derive profit and encouragement from the lessons of history.

In a political journal of 1803 there appeared an English translation of one of Demosthenes' celebrated Orations against Philip of Macedonia, the object being to show the remarkable parallel with the situation at the time.

Entitled : "Demosthenes Against Philip the Invader,"<sup>1</sup> it is of particular, if poignant interest to-day. On reading it, how we can almost hear the original readers exclaiming, as we in our turn now exclaim :

"How like our present position ! How history repeats itself !"

The double parallel is almost amusing in its exactness :

"O ye men of Athens, I pass over many things ; for it is not my design to give a detail of Philip's<sup>2</sup> *acts of outrage and injustice* ; but to convince you that *the property and liberty of mankind will never be secure from him, until he meets with some effectual opposition.*

"First, then, Athenians ! Be firmly persuaded of this, that Philip is committing hostilities against us, and has really violated the peace ; that *he has the most implacable enmity to this whole city* ; to the ground on which this city stands ; to the very Gods of this city (may their vengeance fall upon him !) ; but, against our CONSTITUTION *is his force principally directed ; the destruction of this is, of all other things, the most immediate object of his secret schemes and machinations.* And there is, in some sort, a necessity that it should be so. Consider, HE AIMS AT UNIVERSAL POWER ; and you

<sup>1</sup> Demosthenes (385-322 B.C.), the great Greek orator, statesman and warrior. Sixty-one of his Orations were preserved and are regarded as perhaps the finest examples of their kind. The translation is of one of these vigorous "Philippics" delivered to the Athenians in denunciation of their enemy, Philip II of Macedonia.

<sup>2</sup> The Editor's footnote suggests that *for Philip read Bonaparte.*

*he regards as the only persons to dispute his pretensions. He has long injured you ; and of this he himself is fully conscious. He is then sensible that he entertains designs against you, and that you perceive them ; and as he thinks highly of your wisdom, he judges you hold him in the abhorrence he deserves. To these things (and these of such importance) add, that he is perfectly convinced that although he were master of all other places, yet it is impossible for him to be secure, while your popular Government subsists ; but that if any accident should happen to him (and every man is subject to many) all those who now submit to force would seize the opportunity, and fly to you for protection ; for you are not naturally disposed to grasp at power, or to usurp dominion ; but to prevent usurpation, to wrest their unjust acquisitions from the hands of others ; to curb the violence of ambition, and to preserve the liberty of mankind, is your peculiar excellence.*

“ And what can be the reason that he treats you with insolence (for I cannot call his present conduct by any other name), *that he utters menaces against you, while he at least condescends to dissemble with other people ?* Because of all the Greek states, ours is the only one in which *harangues in favour of enemies are pronounced with impunity ; and the venal wretch may utter his falsehoods with impunity, even while you are losing your dominions.*

“ They who have lived with him assure us that his ambition is so insatiable, *that he will have the glory of every exploit ascribed wholly to himself ;* and is much more incensed against any such Commanders as have performed anything worthy of honour, than against those whose misconduct has ruined his enterprises. But, if this be the case, how is it that they have persevered so long in their attachment to his cause ? It is for this reason,

Athenians ! *Because success throws a shade on all his odious qualities* (for nothing veils men's faults from observation so effectually as success) ; *but let any accident happen, and they will all be perfectly discovered.*

"There is no happy medium ! Nor is *your* danger the same as that of other states. Philip's design is not to enslave, but to *extirpate Athens*. *He knows that a state like yours, accustomed to command, will not, or, if it were inclined, CANNOT SUBMIT TO SLAVERY* ; he knows that, if you have an opportunity, you can give him more disturbance than any other people ; *and, therefore, IF EVER HE CONQUERS US, WE MAY BE SURE OF FINDING NO DEGREE OF MERCY.*"

The threat to Britain by another Philip II—this time of Spain—formed the subject of further "dips into the past" which appeared in newspapers and magazines during the same year.

One article is of great interest. It is entitled : "An Exhortation : To stir up the minds of all Her Majesty's faithful Subjects, to defend their Country in this dangerous time from the Invasion of Enemies. Faithfully and zealously compiled by Anthony Martin, senior, of Her Majesty's most Honourable Chamber."

As the Editor states in his introductory remarks, it was reprinted from a tract in the first volume of the Harleian Miscellany, written in 1583 on the threatened Spanish invasion. "Many passages in it," he says, "come home to the present situation of this country ; and as they appear well calculated to rouse its energies, and to call forth its martial spirit, I the more readily select them, not doubting but that they will in some measure conduce to expedite the visit of the Gallic host to the abode of their much-esteemed, and very active friend, OLD NICK."



The "Exhortation" follows. I give it exactly as it appeared in a magazine of 1803 :

*"Exhortation.*

"Though the Dragon (the Enemy) be driven into his den, yet is his sting and poison still in force. Though some of his ships and men be sunk in the sea, yet the sinews of their common wealth remain. *Neither will they ever come to any peace and atonement with you, till ye have plucked those sinews in sunder !*

"*ARM yourselves, therefore, again and again, ye Lords and Gentlemen, ye principal Captains, Citizens, and wealthy subjects ; ye that have shewed yourselves so courageous and forward in these late enterprises. Cleanse your armours, make ready your weapons, renew your furniture, redouble your provisions, slack no opportunity, LOOK FOR A SPEEDY RETURN OF YOUR ENEMIES ; foresee the dangers, provide all necessaries. O ! that Englishmen were so sharpened at this day against the enemies of God and Her Majesty, as were the Romans against the Carthaginians ! O ! that they would join their purses and hearts together, as did the wealthy men of that Commonwealth, in any danger of the same !*

"Ye good men of the Realm ! be strong and hardy. COMFORT YOURSELVES IN THE JUSTICE OF YOUR CAUSE. *Convert your ploughs into spears, and your scythes into swords. Turn your bowls into bows, and all your pastimes into musquet shot. Abandon all your vain delights, and idle games. If ever ye deserved fame, or honour, or glory to the Nation, now is the time ! Now is the time, that either BY SHAMEFUL COWARDICE, YOU SHALL BRING YOURSELVES INTO CAPTIVITY, OR BY STOUT AND COURAGEOUS MINDS OBTAIN A NOBLE VICTORY !*

"Remember ! O ! think of the valour of our

antient Britons, the enterprises of King Arthur, both at home, against the Saxons, and abroad with other nations ; the battle of Cressy, of Poitiers, and of Agincourt ! I would that we did chiefly follow these noble acts of our own progenitors, in all their wars, fought for the defence of this kingdom, and for the perpetual honour and renown of themselves ; *whose cause (nevertheless) being nothing comparable unto ours, yet they spared neither the money in their purse, nor the blood in their bodies, to honour and defend their country.*

“ And we that have done so valiantly at other times, when the quarrel was for money, or other small matters, is it possible but we should be much more forward now in so great and weighty causes ? *When had ever England so just a cause to fight as now ? When did she ever more infinitely feel the mercies of God than now ? When had we ever a more loving Prince to her subjects than now ? When were there ever so many lusty and gallant Gentlemen to defend the realm as now ?* When were we at any time better acquainted with the sleights and cunning of our enemies than now ? When had we ever more skill in martial actions and training than now ?

“ *But finally, and above all, when had ever our enemies more unjust cause to deal against us, and we more lawful cause to defend ourselves than now ? And, therefore, when should we ever have greater hope of victory than now ?* ”

Two interesting items in verse appeared in periodicals during that feverish year (1803), as being “ not inapplicable to the present time.”

The first, a Prayer, said to have been used by Francis I<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Francis I was King of France from 1515 until his death in 1547. He was involved in many wars and was taken prisoner by Charles V of Germany at the Battle of Pavia. After friendly relations had been established between Francis and Henry VIII of England, the two met on the “ Field of the Cloth of Gold.”

during his war with the Emperor Charles V, was printed in a magazine published in Macclesfield, where it was stated that "the versification was by the late Mr. Byrom, of Manchester" :

Almighty Lord of Hosts, by whose commands  
 The guardian angels rule their destin'd lands,  
 And watchful, at Thy word, to save or slay,  
 Of peace or war administer the sway !  
 Thou, who against the great Goliath's rage  
 Did'st arm the stripling David to engage,  
 When, with a sling, a small unarmed youth  
 Smote a huge Giant in defence of truth ;  
 Hear us, we pray Thee, if our cause be true,  
 If sacred justice be our only view ;  
 If right and duty, not the will to war,  
 Have forc'd our enemies to proceed so far,  
 Then turn the hearts of all our foes to peace,  
 That war and bloodshed in the land may cease ;  
 Or, put to flight by providential dread,  
 Let them lament their errors, not their dead.  
 If some must die, protect the righteous all,  
 And let the guilty, few as may be, fall ;  
 With pitying speed the victory decree  
 To them whose cause is best approv'd by Thee ;  
 That, sheath'd on all sides the devouring sword,  
 And peace and justice to our land restor'd,  
 We all together, with one heart, may sing  
 Triumphant hymns to Thee, th' Eternal King.

The second item is an "ancient poem"—a rousing war song of the time of King John—which appeared in a London periodical. Both the poem and the accompanying glossary are here transcribed *verbatim et literatim* :

*A Warre Songe, by Thomas Rowlie, Prieste.*

(Penned forr an Entyrlud offe Kynge Johan hys Reygne.

A Maune syngethe.

Wave, wave the bannerres offe the fyghte !  
 And reele<sup>1</sup> the anlace,<sup>2</sup> glysterynge<sup>3</sup> bryghte !  
 Bee everyche breste ynne armoure dyghte,<sup>4</sup>  
 And everyche soughle<sup>5</sup> aune fyre !  
 Toe tremblynge mortayles terred<sup>6</sup> eyes,  
 Rodde<sup>7</sup> lette the sunne offe battayle riese,  
 And bloddie bee the mornynge skyes,  
 Yatte brynge the daie offe yre.

Whatte<sup>8</sup> drierie voyce, fromme hys merke<sup>9</sup> cave,  
 Wakkes the destrouctoure<sup>10</sup> offe the brave,  
 And biddes the thretennynges offe the grave  
 Lyche<sup>11</sup> stormes offe thonderre roughle ?<sup>12</sup>  
 'Tys hee, Ambycyon's<sup>15</sup> parjur'd spryghte !  
 'Tys hee yatte waves the flagges offe fyghte !  
 And, wyth the cloudes offe leathall<sup>14</sup> nyghte  
 Would fleme<sup>15</sup> the warriourre's soughle !

Waile ! waile ! yee gentill dames offe Fraunce :  
 Yer shappe-encompass'd<sup>16</sup> sonnes advaunce,  
 Toe rouse the fhuir<sup>17</sup> offe Brytyshe launce,  
 And myghte offe Brytyshe hondes.  
 Oh ! kisse theyr lippes afore yee parte,  
 Oh ! presse them toe yer braystynge<sup>18</sup> herte :  
 'Tys yer last kisse—'tyll all asterte,<sup>19</sup>  
 They dye ynne foreyne brondes.<sup>20</sup>

Arouse, arouse, yee Brytyshe dames,  
 Wyth fierie worddes, yer herroes flemmes—  
 And bee yer songes the martyalle bemes<sup>21</sup>  
 Yatte sounde toe glourious deede.

Forre those yatte lyve, the glemynge eye  
 Schall daunce ynne love ;—forre those yatte dye,  
 Beautie's teere, and countree's syghe,  
 Schall bee the warrioure's mede.

## GLOSSARY

<sup>1</sup> Reelee, brandish ; <sup>2</sup> anlance, falchion (broad curved convex-edged sword) ; <sup>3</sup> glysterynge, gleaming ; <sup>4</sup> dyghte, decked ; <sup>5</sup> soughle, soul ; <sup>6</sup> terred, affrighted ; <sup>7</sup> rodde, red ; <sup>8</sup> whatte, what ; <sup>9</sup> merke, gloomy ; <sup>10</sup> destrouctoure, destroyer ; <sup>11</sup> lyche, like ; <sup>12</sup> roughle, roll ; <sup>13</sup> ambycyon, ambition ; <sup>14</sup> leathall, death-like ; <sup>15</sup> fleme, terrify ; <sup>16</sup> shappe-encompass'd, fate-devoted ; <sup>17</sup> fhuir, fury ; <sup>18</sup> braystynge, bursting ; <sup>19</sup> asterte, confounded ; <sup>20</sup> brondes, battles ; <sup>21</sup> bernes, trumpets.

Lastly, some highly instructive selections from a pamphlet published in London in the same year (1803), consisting of similarly retrospective

“ Extracts, describing . . . The Evidence of Foreigners as to the National Character and Personal Bravery of the English.”

The “ Extracts ” were stated to have been “ taken from original State papers of the 16th century collected on the Continent, and hitherto inedited.”

In the Preface we are told that the “ motive ” for publication “ has been to show, not only the conduct of our forefathers, in times claiming some analogy to our own, but also to exhibit the testimony which foreigners, and those frequently enemies, bear to the<sup>7</sup> unsubdued valour and successful bravery of the English.”

Giovanni Michele, on his return to Venice from an embassy to Queen Mary of England in 1557, reports that the country, despite the almost total loss of its European colonies, has,

“ singular as it may appear, . . . increased its strength, and has continued so powerful, that it requires no foreign aid for its protection ; its conquest, therefore, by

*force, unless weakened by internal division, may be pronounced not only difficult, but even impossible. . . .*

“ . . . Aptness, courage, and inclination supply the deficiency of other qualities, and when in action no natives in any quarter of the world fight with an equal degree of ardour, and contempt of death. . . .

“ . . . The security arising to England, from its insular situation, is very decided. The sea by which it is encompassed differs from all others, both in the turbulence of its waves, and in the elevation of some of its tides. *The whole kingdom may be esteemed an immense natural fortress, rising from the waves of the ocean ;* for this reason, the construction of such as are artificial has been much neglected by its sovereigns, who have generally considered them unnecessary. . . .

“ . . . Britain, therefore, has little to apprehend either from a sudden or deliberate attack ; as both would be attended with the greatest risque to the invader.”

From an anonymous MS. written during the first or second year of Elizabeth's reign, dealing with the means of re-establishing Catholicism in England :

“ Such is the disposition of the English, that they easily yield to the influence of gentleness and prudence, but are disposed to resist with vigour and indignation every measure of violence and compulsion ; hence, a foreign army attempting their subjection by the medium of force, would meet with a decided and unanimous opposition, both from Catholics and heretics. . . .

“ . . . As this country is on three sides surrounded by the sea, its invasion would necessarily be attended with arduous difficulty and extreme danger ; *for*

*should any unforeseen accident or disappointment occur, the enemy could find no security in flight, unless propitious winds and a calm sea favoured its retreat. . . .”*

From another MS. describing the ports and fortresses of England in 1588 ; the writer was more optimistic than those of the other MSS. :

“ Among the preparations made by the Queen and her council for-resisting the invasion of England by the Spanish Armada, is that of putting the fortresses in a sufficient state of defence . . . and that sudden alarms may be spread with greater facility, elevated stands of observation for sentinels are erected along the coast on those spots which command the most extensive views, at the distance of five miles or less from each other. By the sides of these are fixed long poles, having on the top pots of pitch and other combustible materials, which are to be lighted on the first appearance of the hostile armament. From these precautions, and the inhabitants being bound to repair to the spot where the alarm is given, the country is soon in a state of military defence. . . .

“ . . . As the armada is composed of two distinct armaments, so will be their operations ; that of Spain is to make the first attack, and that of the Low Countries to come after. Each of them is more powerful than all the united forces of England ; consequently, the subjugation of that country is decided. In respect of the nobility of England, I esteem them too unimportant to excite serious apprehension, nor have I much reliance on the Catholic party, on account of their marked aversion from foreigners. As to the people in general, a peace of thirty years has rendered them so lukewarm and pusillanimous, that they are unable to resist a

disciplined army. These are additional arguments in favour of the success of the enterprise, conducted by the wise, valorous and fortunate Duke of Parma, and under the auspices of the most excellent prince Sixtus the Fifth."

So certain were the Spaniards of victory that, "with saucy and insolent brags," they asserted that "wherever they turned their sails, a most certain victory waited upon their course; and that the English would not have courage enough to look them in the face. And it is certain that Don Bernardino de Mendoza was so ridiculous as to print a lying poem in France, which proclaimed the triumph before the victory was obtained."—(Camden's *Elizabeth*, published in 1588.)

Compare the Victory Medal Napoleon had manufactured in Paris, inscribed: "*Descente en Angleterre—Frappée à Londres en 1804*" ("Landing in England—Struck in London in 1804"), in celebration of his triumphal entry into London, and Hitler's similar miscalculation when he had metal discs made proclaiming his complete conquest of North Africa! *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose!*

One further quotation, from a MS. by Marc Antonio Correro, Ambassador to England of the Republic of Venice, written a few years after the defeat of the "Invincible" Armada:

"... I now proceed to the land forces of England. Immense and almost incalculable as is the number of effective men capable of acting in its defence, yet, from the disuse of arms, little benefit is to be expected from them on any pressing occasion.

"In the year 1588, when the armada of his Catholic Majesty appeared in the Channel, the inhabitants were panic-struck; consternation and terror universally



prevailed. With the view of fortifying their minds, and to introduce some kind of military discipline, the Queen dispatched among them her principal ministers. Their endeavours, however, did not produce all the effect she expected. Assuming, therefore, the character of a commanding officer, her Majesty then mounted her horse, and rode into many parts of the country. Hope and confidence attended her progress . . . 20,000 men were soon added to the force of the nation. . . .

“ When the news of the defeat arrived, she thanked God for His fatherly protection of her people and herself, owning that if the Spaniards had made good their landing, the crown of England would have been exposed to the utmost danger.

“ Her Majesty now issued her commands, that arms should be distributed among her subjects, that they should be trained to their use and regularly exercised. These orders were at first executed, but indifference and relaxation gradually followed, and the people are now once more sunk into their former ease and security. . . .”

In his comments the Editor states : “ It is, indeed, an encomium of high distinction to this nation that, from the period she dates her importance among the states of modern Europe, she has preserved unimpaired her honour and independence, and counteracted both the open and insidious attempts of a necessitous and rapacious foe, who, stimulated by envy of her happiness and incited by the allurements of her treasures, has ever meditated her destruction ; but who, yet in the contest of ages, has never, with impunity, set foot on her shores or insulted her coasts. . . .” In conclusion, he declares that the Extracts present “ too just a picture of the improvident character of mankind,” and exhibit “ at once a striking and

animating proof that the English, however sunk into apathy or indifference when unconscious or incredulous of danger, no sooner emerge into a clear perception of destruction or even injury threatening their country and liberties, than the ardent glow of patriotism reanimates them to the exertion of all that heroic valour and fortitude with which they have ever achieved the preservation of their king and constitution, and the disgraceful defeat of their enemy."

\* \* \*

### THE VOICE OF AMERICA

The attitude of the United States of America towards the arrogance of France at the time is well illustrated in a letter written in 1798 by George Washington addressed to Dr. James Anderson,<sup>1</sup> a Scotsman living at Isleworth, Middlesex. Here it is :

" Mount Vernon, July 25, 1798.

" Esteemed Sir,

" . . . I little imagined when I took my last leave of the walks of public life, and retired to the shades of my vine and fig-tree, that any event would arise in my day which would bring me again on a public theatre : but the unjust, ambitious, and intoxicated conduct of France towards these United States has been, and continues to be such, that they must be opposed by a firm and manly resistance, or we shall

<sup>1</sup> James Anderson, LL.D. (1739-1808). Born near Edinburgh, he was a noted economist and authority on agriculture, and did much for Scottish agriculture. He was employed by Pitt in 1784 to survey the fisheries, and in some correspondence with Washington, published in 1800, Anderson said that Pitt withheld remuneration because he "dared to do so." In 1797 Anderson moved to Isleworth, where he led a retired life, amusing himself with agricultural experiments.—(D.N.B.)

not only hazard the subjugation of our government, but the independence of our nation also ; both being evidently struck at by a lawless, domineering power, who respects no rights, and is restrained by no treaties when it is found inconvenient to observe them.

“ Thus situated—sustaining daily injuries, even indignities, with a patient forbearance, from a sincere desire to live in peace and harmony with all the world—the French Directory, mistaking the motives of the American character, and supposing that the people of this country were divided, and would give countenance to their nefarious measures, have proceeded to exact loans, or, in other words, contributions ; and to threaten us, in case of non-compliance with their wild, unfounded, and incoherent complaints, that we should share the fate of Venice, and other Italian states.

“ This has roused the people from their slumbers, and filled their minds with indignation from one extremity of the Union to the other ; and, I trust, if they should attempt to carry their threats into effect, and invade our territorial, as they have done our commercial rights, they will meet a spirit that will give them more trouble than they are aware of in the citizens of these States.

“ When everything sacred and dear to freedom is thus threatened, I could not, consistently with the principles which have actuated me through life, remain an idle spectator, and refuse to obey the call of my country to head its armies for defence ; and therefore I have pledged myself to come forward whenever the exigency shall require it.

“ I shall relinquish the peaceful walks to which I had retired, believing that man was not designed by Providence to live for himself alone, and shall prepare for the worst that can happen.

" My best wishes always attend you ; and with great esteem and regard, I am, Sir,

" Your most obedient and obliged humble servant,  
" G. WASHINGTON."<sup>1</sup>

Dr. Anderson replied on 15th April, 1799 :

" Honoured Sir,

" . . . It is a fortunate circumstance that the intoxicated nation, which you have with so much justice and energy characterized, should have acted so incautiously as to open the eyes of your people to the real objects it aimed at, and thus to have created an unanimity at home which alone could give energy to your truly patriotic efforts ; and which, I trust, will be preserved, notwithstanding the insidious schemes of a cunning, unprincipled people, who will no doubt exert all their influence to destroy it. The same circumstances have operated strongly in this nation, and have given a power to the government that it did not use to possess ; but which, I trust, will finally frustrate the views of that ambitious nation, which hoped to avail itself of the wicked machinations of a desperate few who, in their turn, had no doubt of being able to raise themselves to power by inflaming the minds of a deluded populace, that may at all times be easily led astray by sophistical arguments respecting subjects beyond the reach of their limited comprehension fully to understand. If the powers of Europe in general had dared to think and to act with the same degree of energy that the American States have done, the evil might have been remedied long before this time. . . .<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Washington died on 13th December, 1799.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Mr. Churchill's allusion, on page 76, to the lack of unity among the European nations in the early part of the present struggle.

"France is at present engaged in a grand struggle for power. Her object is, in the first place, to aggrandize herself; and, in the next place, to depress Great Britain, her old and dread rival. She has been, in some respects, as successful hitherto in her warlike efforts as she could expect. But do these successes operate? Not in promoting her own strength and stability, but in weakening it; not in diminishing the wealth and prosperity of Britain, but in augmenting them. . . ."

"I have the honour to remain, with the most respectful esteem, Sir,

"Your much obliged and very humble servant,

"JAMES ANDERSON."

\* \* \*

#### WITHOUT THE WIRELESS TOO !

Propaganda, as we have seen, had reached a remarkably high degree of efficiency in those days, not only in this country, but also in France. Here are a few of the statements made by the French leaders and the French Press, quoted in the British newspapers of the time, which may be compared with some of the later utterances of Hitler, Goebbels & Co. :

"The irritation I feel against England increases daily. Great Britain cannot contend singly against the power of France. A descent I am determined to attempt, by putting myself at the head of an expedition, and, such is the disposition of the troops, that army after army will be found for the enterprise."

—NAPOLEON.

"Let the perfidious and ferocious English be assailed from every quarter; let the whole Republic turn into a volcano, and pour forth the devouring lava upon

them : may the infamous island that produced those monsters who no longer belong to the human species be buried forever in the waves ! ”

—Letter in the official *Moniteur* from  
JOSEPH FOUCHÉ, Chief of Police.

“ I will not peremptorily assert that I can conquer Great Britain, or that I shall be able to keep it ; but I pledge myself to make it unfit for an Englishman to live in.”

—GENERAL MASSÉNA (later created Duke of Rivoli—Napoleon’s “ best general ”).

“ Sooner or later England must be an invaluable naval and military station of France, which shall secure to us the empire of the world.”

—CHARLES MEURICE DE TALLEYRAND,  
Minister for Foreign Affairs.

“ We will give to the English to enjoy all the blessings of equality.”

—*Moniteur*.

“ When the troops land, in order to make the booty the richer, no quarter shall be given to the English. They shall all be put to the sword ; and to you, victorious Frenchmen, the British property shall belong. But, spare the women ; you know what to do with them.”

—“ A French Placard.”

“ We do not hesitate to assert, in case 50,000 Frenchmen effect a descent upon England, that the Volunteers, the Militia, the Troops of the Line, the Army of Reserve, and the Levy in Mass, could not exist for three months without being conquered.”

—*Le Mercure de France*.

## INSPIRATION FROM THE SCRIPTURES

The Scriptures were, as ever, a never-failing source of comfort and inspiration to the people of this country during the Napoleonic threat.

I can think of no better way of closing this sketch than by giving some of the quotations from the Old Testament which appeared in the Press as being particularly apposite at the time :

“ I will call on the Lord, who is worthy to be praised : so shall I be saved from mine enemies.”

—2 Samuel, xxii, 4.

“ Thou comest unto me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield, but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of . . . armies, . . . whom thou hast defied.”

—1 Samuel, xvii, 45.

“ And I looked, and rose up, and said unto the nobles, and to the rulers, and to the rest of the people, Be not afraid of them : remember the Lord, which is great and terrible, and fight for your brethren, your sons, and your daughters, your wives, and your houses. In what place, therefore, ye hear the sound of the trumpet, resort ye thither unto us : Our God shall fight for us.”

—Nehemiah, iv, 14, 20.

“ Because thy rage against me, and thy tumult, is come up into mine ears, therefore will I put my hook in thy nose, and my bridle in thy lips, and I will turn thee back by the way by which thou camest. . . . By the way that he came, by the same shall he return, and shall not come into this city, saith the Lord. For

I will defend this city, to save it for mine own sake, and for my servant David's sake."

—Isaiah, xxxvii, 29-35.

"And Jehoshaphat . . . set himself to seek the Lord, and proclaimed a fast. . . . And Judah gathered themselves together to ask help of the Lord. . . . And [they] stood before the Lord, with their little ones, their wives, and their children. Then upon Jahaziel . . . came the spirit of the Lord in the midst of the congregation. And he said . . . Thus saith the Lord unto you, Be not afraid nor dismayed by reason of this great multitude; for the battle is not your's, but God's."

—2 Chronicles, xx, 3-15.





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